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THE BIG
SIX
OF THE COMICS!



THE SLEEPERS in the CRYPT



IN HIS FEAR, HE SAW THEM, CRYSTAL-CLEAR...THOSE SPECTRE-SHAPES WAITING IN THE MISTS OF TWEEDSMERE CASTLE...HIS GREAT AUNT, WHO HOVERS ON THE GRAVE'S BRINK, TAUNTING, BECKONING HIM TO COME HOME...



NOW HE COULD HEAR HER...

LISTEN--CAN'T YOU HEAR HER? SHE'S COME AFTER ME!

I HEAR NO ONE, JEFFERY--HAVE YOU GONE MAD?

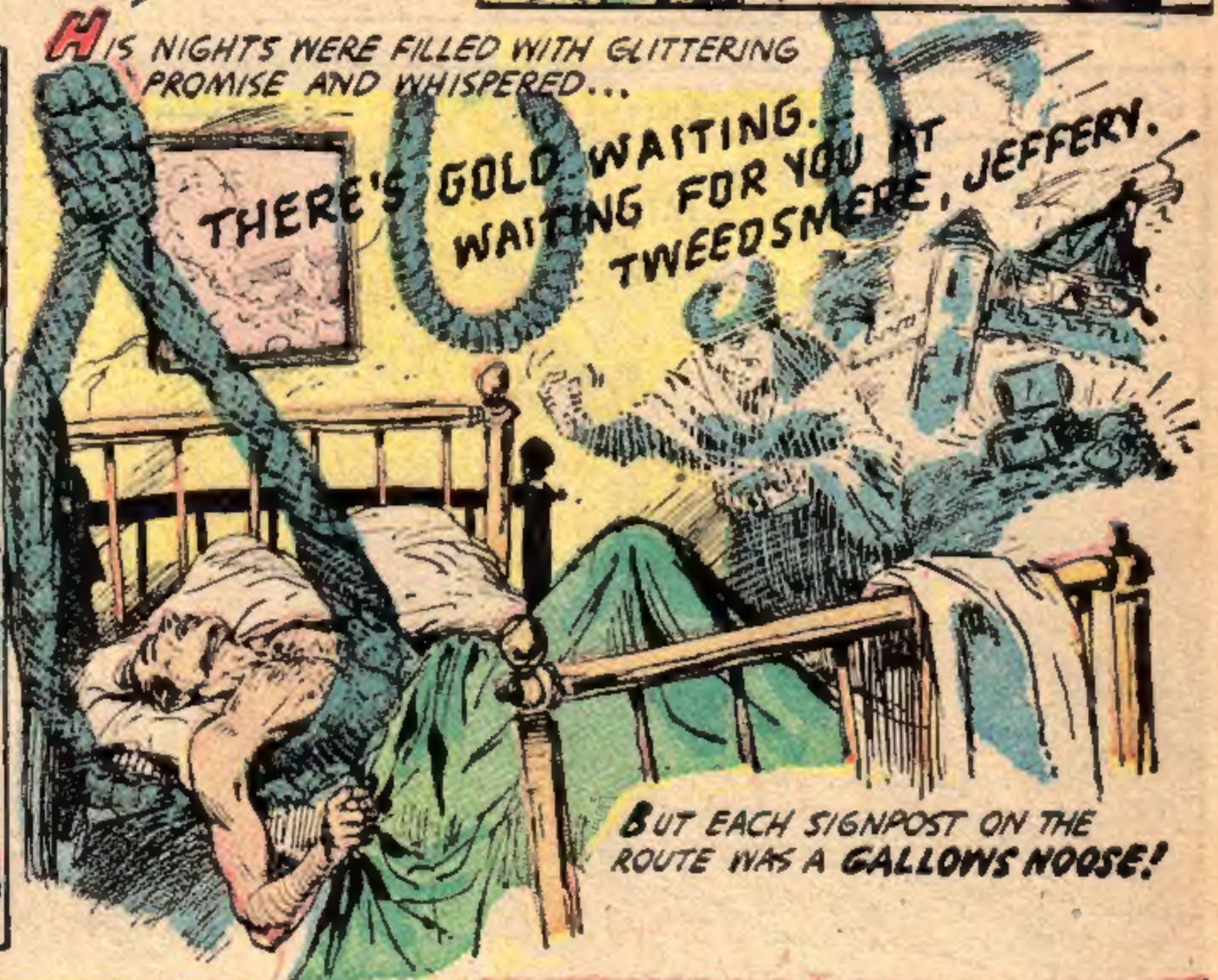
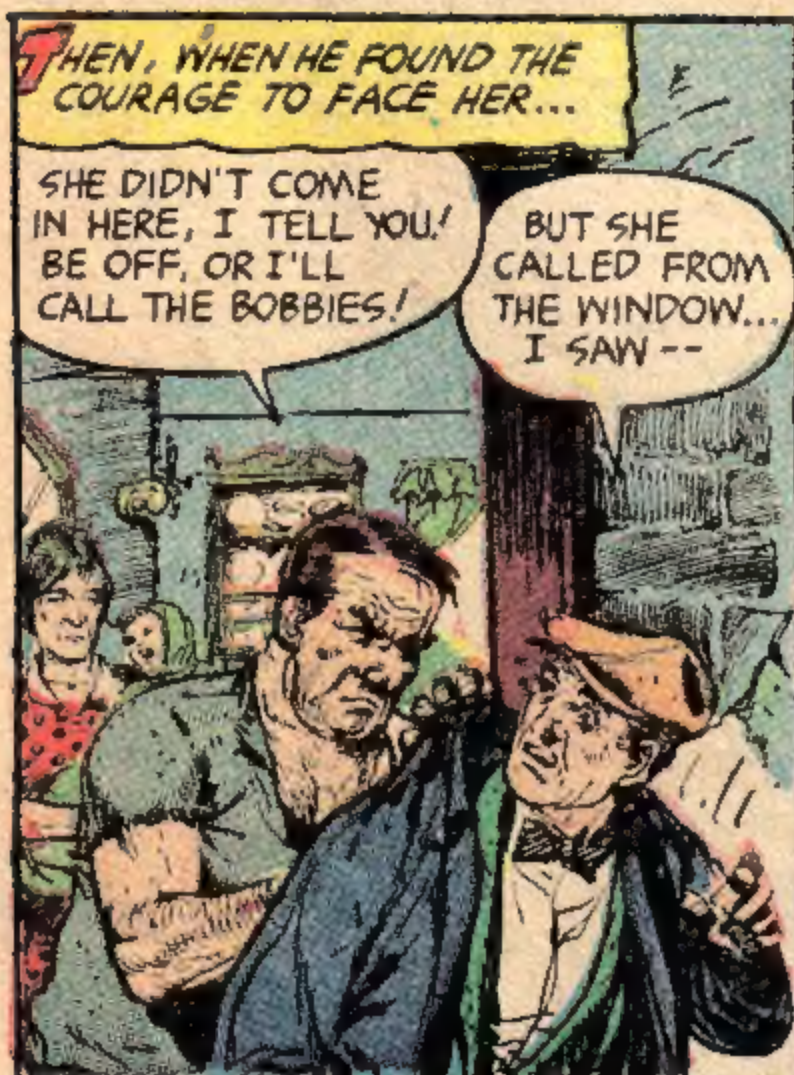


SHUT UP! CAN'T YOU HEAR THAT CANE TAPPING? SHE ALWAYS CARRIED A CANE!



HELP THE BLIND--HELP THE BLIND...

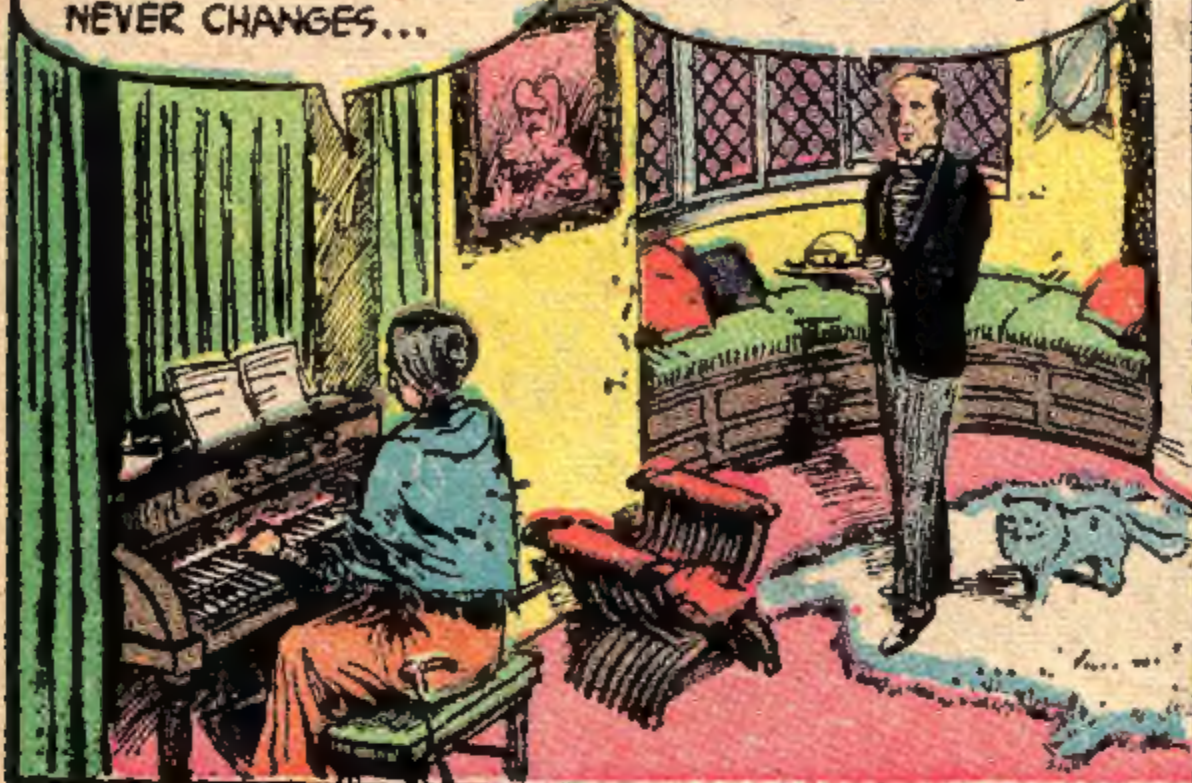
ONLY A BLIND MAN--A TRICK TO TORTURE ME! BUT SHE'S BEHIND IT--I KNOW SHE IS!



ON A LONELY CHANNEL ISLAND, TWO NIGHTS LATER, VOICES SOUNDED ABOVE AN ORGAN'S SEPULCHRAL TONES.

IT'S CHANGED LITTLE IN THOSE YEARS I SPENT IN FRANCE...TWEEDSMERE NEVER CHANGES...

A BOAT IS HEADING IN, YOUR LADYSHIP. PERHAPS IT'S MASTER JEFFERY...

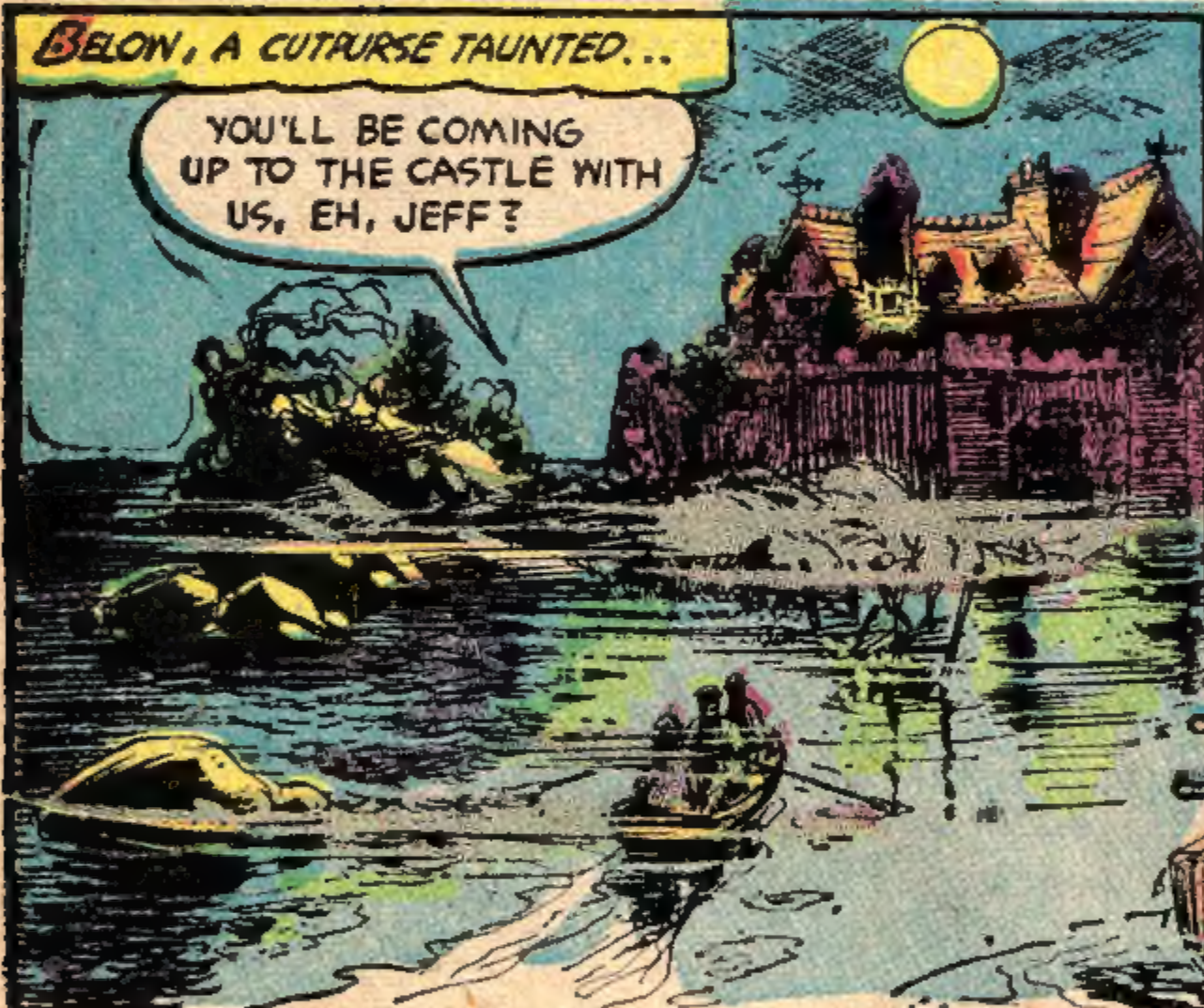


YES...AND YOU'VE SENT FOR THE POLICE? GOOD - WHEN THEY ARRIVE, THEY'LL FIND HIM **DEAD!**



BELOW, A CUTPURSE TAUNTED...

YOU'LL BE COMING UP TO THE CASTLE WITH US, EH, JEFF?



IMPUDENT BEGGAR, YOU KNOW I'M NOT! YOU'LL FIND THE JEWELS IN THE WEST WING'S WINE CELLAR!

I'VE GOT YOU, JEFF...TOOLS TO GET AT THEM ARE HIDDEN IN A CASK...



A SERVANT, PERHAPS, AND LADY JESSICA BARTRAM THE ONLY FOLKS ABOUT...

THAT'S RIGHT, NIMBLE...HURRY NOW! YOU'VE CERTAINLY NOTHING TO FEAR FROM -- HER --

BUT WHY DO I FEAR HER SO? SHE WAS EVER THE STRANGE ONE! I SHOULDN'T HAVE COME BACK YET...IT ISN'T TIME -- **WHAT'S THAT?**



AND THEN...

WE'VE BEEN AWAITING YOU, MASTER JEFFERY...

PARKINS! HE ALWAYS GREETED ME WITH THOSE WORDS! BUT -- **HE'S DEAD!**



...ONLY MY IMAGINATION...
BUT IT'S ALL SO CLEAR...AS
IF IT WERE ONLY YESTERDAY
INSTEAD OF TEN YEARS
AGO...

I WAS WITH MY PRECIOUS
COUSINS WHEN HE BURST IN
ON US.. HE WAS TREMBLING...

THE ENEMY PLANS TO
DESTROY TWEEDSMERE
...OUR AIR MINISTRY
JUST SENT WORD --

THEY PLANNED TO CHEAT ME OF
MY SHARE...I SNATCHED GRAND-
FATHER BARTRAM'S OLD DUEL-
LING PISTOLS, AND...

THE OTHERS OVERRULED ME...I
WANTED TO DIVIDE THE FAMILY
HEIR LOOMS, BUT -

NO, WE'LL BURY
THEM! THEY'LL BE
SAFE HERE, IF YOU'LL
HURRY!

YOU WON'T GET
AWAY WITH IT! I'LL
KILL YOU FIRST
THERE--THERE!

THE ENEMY PLANES WERE ABOVE
AS I COMPLETED MY TASK OF
CRACKING THROUGH THE WEST
WING'S WALL, SEALING IT AGAIN.

BUT, FINALLY, I COMPLETED THEIR TOMB...

NOW YOU CAN GUARD
THE JEWELS FOR ME,
COUSINS DEAR. IN TWENTY
YEARS IT WILL BE SAFE
FOR ME TO COME FOR
THEM -

WHY DIDN'T I WAIT...
WHY DID I LET HER BRING
ME BACK? WHAT'S KEEPING
LIMEHOUSE AND NIMBLE?

BLIND, UNAWARE OF A LURKING WATCHER, THEY LABORED.



THIS IS THE SPOT ALL RIGHT... A COUPLE MORE SWINGS WILL DO IT. LAY INTO THAT PICK!

AND FINALLY...



LOOK! SKELETONS-- THE ONES HE KILLED!

YEAH, WHAT OF IT? THE PLACE GOT YOU JITTERY? THERE'S WHAT WE CAME FOR--

BUT NOW THE DUST WAS TAKING EERIE SHAPE, AND VOICES CALLED...



LOOK-- RUBIES, DIAMONDS! WE'RE RICH, LIMEHOUSE... LET'S BLOW! PLACE IS GETTING ON MY NERVES TOO!

TELL ME THAT'S ONLY THE DUST WE STIRRED UP, NIMBLE-- SAY IT!



THE JEWELS ARE OURS-- PUT THEM BACK!

THEY WON'T GET AWAY WITH THEM, COUSIN--

GHOSTS!



NAY...NAY! THERE'S NOTHING THERE-- HE IMAGINED IT ALL! THAT'S IT!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE-- QUICK! UP THOSE STAIRS--



NEVER MIND THE STUFF I DROPPED-- KEEP GOING!

THERE'S A LIGHT-- IT'S THAT OLD AUNT OF JEFF'S!



YOU CANNOT ESCAPE, BLACKGUARDS! YOU CANNOT LEAVE THIS ISLAND-- ALIVE!

AND MEANWHILE, A TREMBLING FIGURE LURCHED TOWARD THE CASTLE...

WHAT'S KEEPING THEM? MAYBE I CAN FIND OUT WITHOUT GOING IN... HAVE TO PASS THROUGH THE OLD FAMILY BURYING GROUND THOUGH...



THERE'S GRANDFATHER BARTRAM'S GRAVE... SMUGGLER, SLAYER, THE ANCESTOR NEVER TO BE MENTIONED--WHAT'S THAT!



NOW A SHAPE WAS RISING IN THE GRAVEYARD MISTS... TAKING FORM...

MERGING WITH THE BAFFLED KILLER WHO STOOD TRANSFIXED!



HE STRODE BOLDLY ON, RIPPED AWAY AN ENTRY-BARRIER AND ROARED...

LIMEHOUSE... NIMBLE! WHERE ARE YOU?



BUT THERE WERE OTHER VOICES HIS HIRELINGS HEARD...

BACK, FOOLS... YOU CANNOT ESCAPE!



NO? GUESS AGAIN! WHO'S GONNA STOP US, LADY?



HE WILL STOP YOU! YOU CAN DEPART FROM TWEEDMERE ONLY OVER HIS CORPSE!



IF NECESSARY, GRAB THE OTHER ONE OF THESE OLD DUELLING PISTOLS, LIMEHOUSE!



BUT FALLEN BAUBLES TOLD OF THE TRAIL THEY
TOOK, AND NOW --

NIMBLE, IS THAT YOU?
COME BACK HERE, YOU
BEGGAR --



Y'HEAR IT, LIMEHOUSE?
THAT STRANGE VOICE...

HE'S COMIN' AFTER
US! IT'S THE OLD GUY
OF THE PICTURE,
NIMBLE...THERE HE
IS!



TWIN MURDER GUNS ROARED AS THEY HAD --
TEN YEARS BEFORE...

BUT THERE...

POLICE LAUNCH--
THEY'VE SPOTTED US!
WE'RE TRAPPED!



AND AS THEIR VICTIM FELL, THE KILLERS FLED
TOWARD THE ISLAND SHORE...

KEEP THE LIGHT
ON THEM! INSPECTOR,
DO YOU RECOGNIZE
THEM?

OUR OLD
FRIENDS,
NIMBLE AND
LIMEHOUSE,
EH? KEEP THEM
COVERED.



FROM THE CORPSE IN
TWEEDSMERE CASTLE,
A SHADOW-SHAPE
LIFTED...



JEFFERY LAY COLD AND STIFF AS IT
VANISHED INTO THE DUSTY PORTRAIT
OF HIS EVIL ANCESTOR...

AND
THEN...

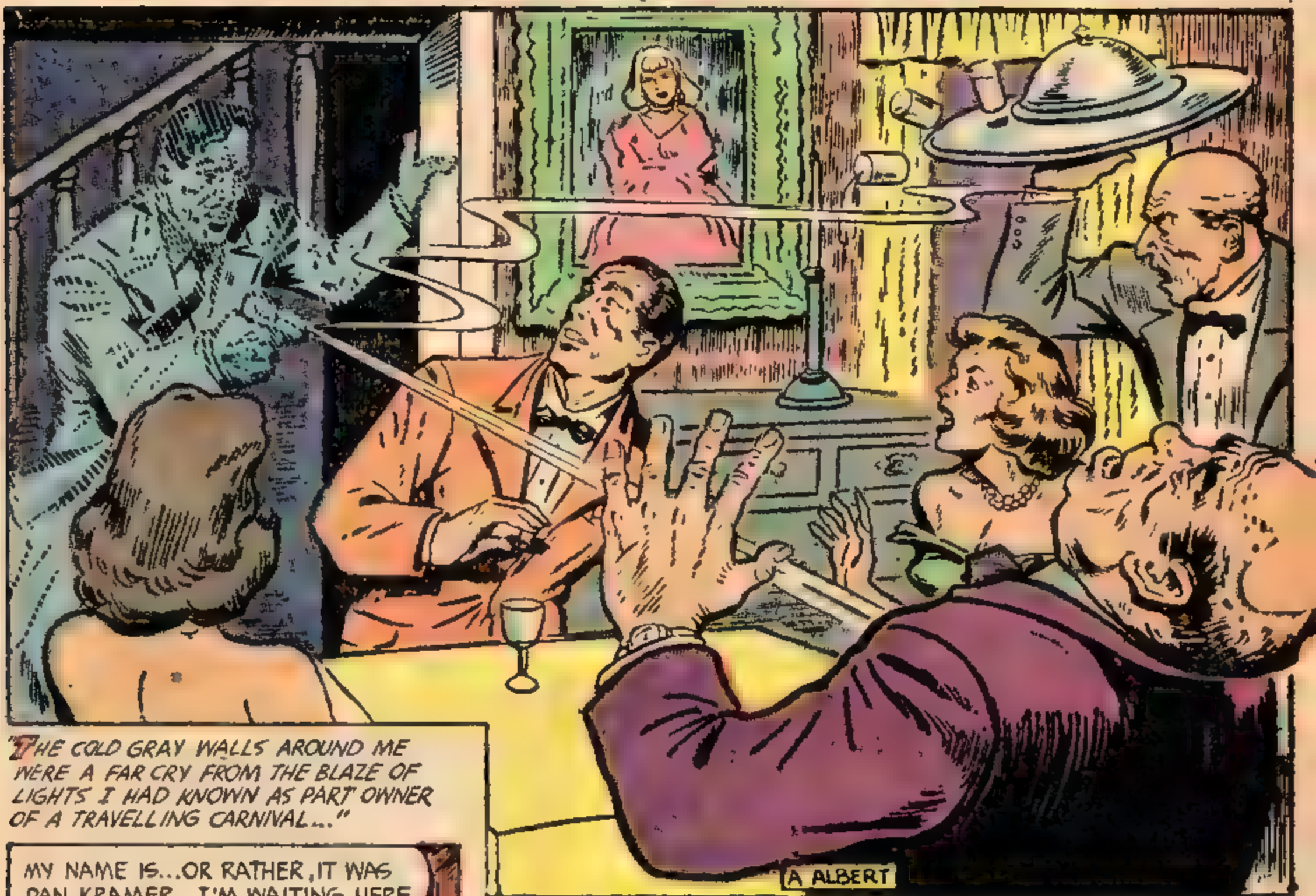
I'VE BEATEN YOU...THE
LAST TO INHERIT YOUR
VICIOUS STRAIN IS GONE
NOW. THE GHOSTS OF
TWEEDSMERE CASTLE CAN
SLEEP IN PEACE!



THE END

I PLEADED WITH THEM TO BELIEVE ME-- BUT THEY FOUND ME **GUILTY!** FOUR EYEWITNESSES SWORE I KILLED MY PARTNER; A SOLEMN JUDGE CONDEMNED ME TO DIE FOR SOMETHING I DID NOT DO! THEY WERE WRONG -- ONLY I KNEW...

ZANDINI DID IT!

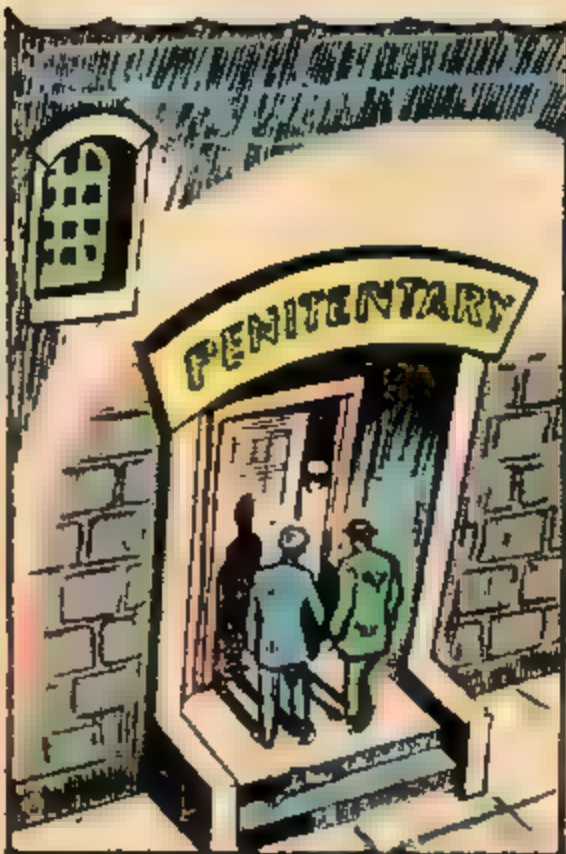


THE COLD GRAY WALLS AROUND ME WERE A FAR CRY FROM THE BLAZE OF LIGHTS I HAD KNOWN AS PART OWNER OF A TRAVELLING CARNIVAL..."

MY NAME IS...OR RATHER, IT WAS DAN KRAMER. I'M WAITING HERE IN "DEATH ROW" ON A BUM RAP!



"ONLY A FEW HOURS AGO THEY BROUGHT ME THROUGH THOSE MAIN GATES--AS FAR AS THE WORLD IS CONCERNED MY STORY IS A CLOSED BOOK..."



"THE ONLY ONE I CAN TALK TO IS THE TURNKEY, AND HE'LL LISTEN BECAUSE HE HAS NOTHING BETTER TO DO..."

LOOK, BROTHER, EVERYONE WHO EVER CAME INTO DEATH ROW WAS INNOCENT. THEY ALL SAY IT!

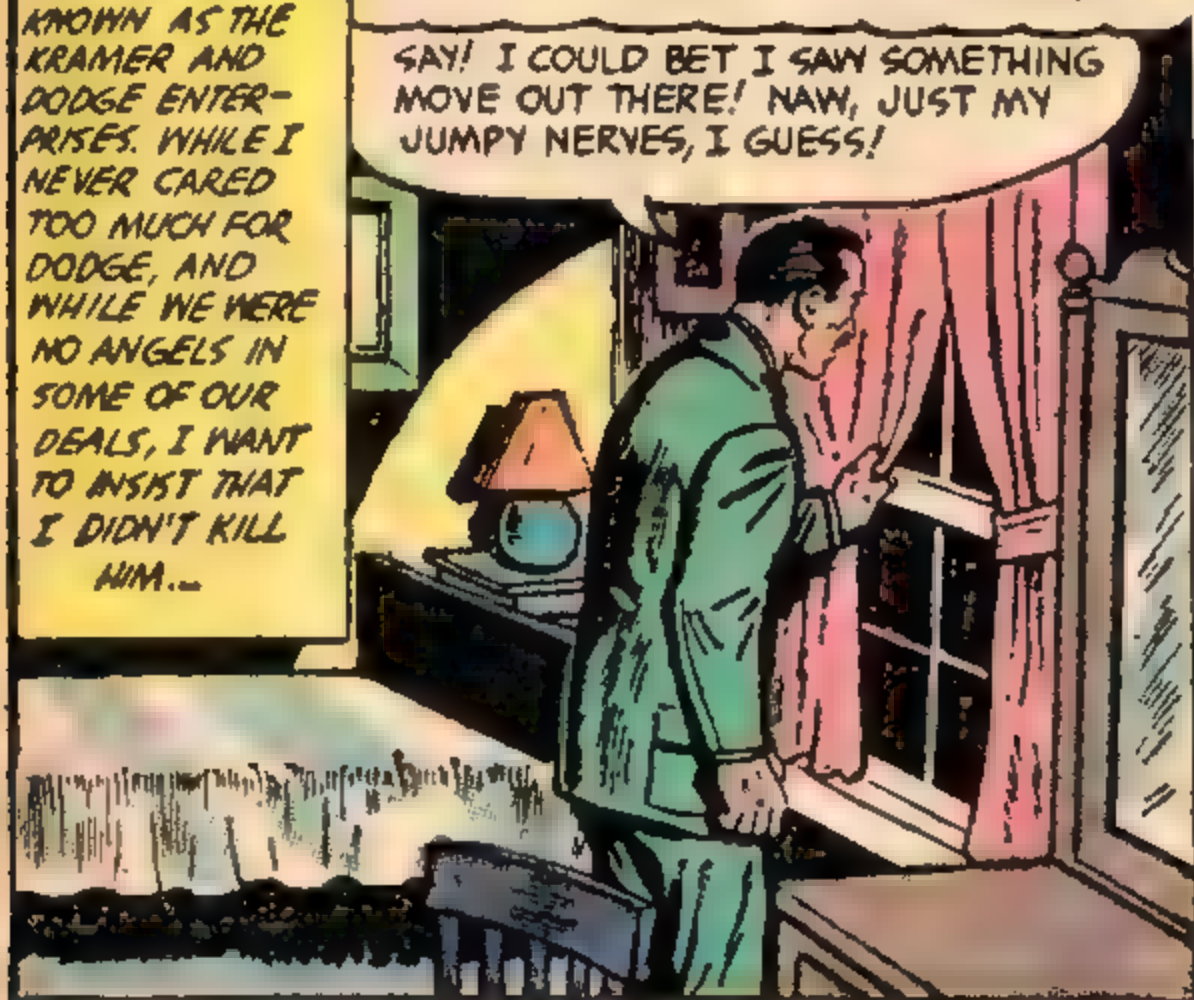
B-BUT MY STORY IS TRUE, I TELL YOU! LISTEN, AND I'LL TELL IT ALL TO YOU!



"WE WERE KNOWN AS THE KRAMER AND DODGE ENTERPRISES. WHILE I NEVER CARED TOO MUCH FOR DODGE, AND WHILE WE WERE NO ANGELS IN SOME OF OUR DEALS, I WANT TO INSIST THAT I DIDN'T KILL HIM..."

"IT STARTED ONE NIGHT TWO MONTHS AGO..."

SAY! I COULD BET I SAW SOMETHING MOVE OUT THERE! NAW, JUST MY JUMPY NERVES, I GUESS!



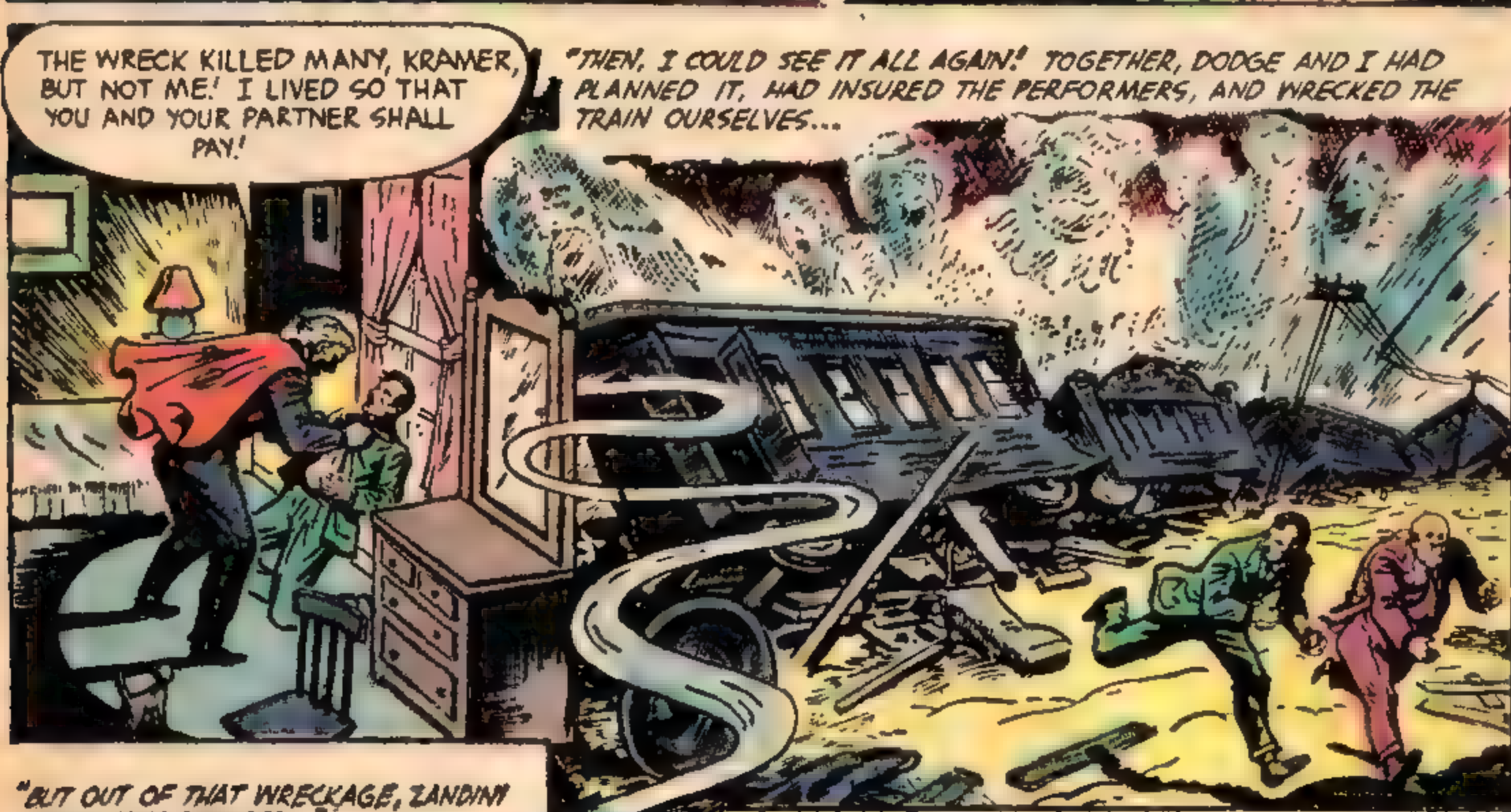
"BUT WHEN I TURNED AROUND, THE FACE OF ZANDINI, A HYPNOTIST AND MAGICIAN, ONCE CONNECTED WITH OUR SHOW--APPEARED BEFORE ME..."

IT CAN'T BE! YOU DIED - DIED IN THAT WRECK!



THE WRECK KILLED MANY, KRAMER, BUT NOT ME! I LIVED SO THAT YOU AND YOUR PARTNER SHALL PAY!

"THEN, I COULD SEE IT ALL AGAIN! TOGETHER, DODGE AND I HAD PLANNED IT, HAD INSURED THE PERFORMERS, AND WRECKED THE TRAIN OURSELVES..."



"BUT OUT OF THAT WRECKAGE, ZANDINI MUST HAVE ESCAPED--"

DEVILS! I'LL GET YOU BOTH FOR THIS--IF IT'S THE LAST THING I EVER DO!



"AND NOW HE WAS OVER ME, MAKING ME STARE INTO THOSE EYES OF HIS, CAUSING MY BRAIN TO WHIRL DIZZILY..."

YOU ARE SLEEPY AND TIRED, SLEEPY AND TIRED...YOUR MIND WILL BECOME MINE TO DO AS I WILL! SLEEP!



"I COULD FEEL HIS EYES ON ME, BURNING THROUGH ME--MY BRAIN WAS GROWING DIZZY..."

ZANDINI--WHAT'RE YOU TRYING TO DO?

YOUR STRUGGLES ARE USELESS, KRAMER! GRADUALLY I'M GAINING POWER OVER YOU. YES, I'M GOING TO STEAL YOUR MIND!

Y-YOURE CRAZY... NUTS, Y-YOURE... I'LL CALL THE POLICE, I'LL...

"I TRIED TO PROTEST MORE, I TRIED TO FIGHT THE DROWSY FEELING--BUT IT WAS USELESS... I FELT MYSELF SINKING DOWN, DOWN..."

"THE PAST FLASHED BEFORE MY DUMBFOUNDED EYES--GHOSTS OF THE PERFORMERS DODGE AND I INSURED HEAVILY, THEN MURDERED..."

LOOK KRAMER-- THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH!

NOW, KRAMER--YOUR ENTIRE BRAIN, YOUR WILL, IS MINE--MINE TO DO AS I PLEASE!

"I KNEW EVERYTHING THAT WAS HAPPENING WITH FULL CONSCIOUSNESS, FELT IT SEPARATE FROM MY BODY--YET I WAS HELPLESS, HELPLESS..."

THIS DISGUISE, PERFECT! PEOPLE WILL THINK THAT IT WAS YOU WHO DID WHAT I AM ABOUT TO DO, KRAMER!

"I WAS WATCHING, HORRIFIED, AS ZANDINI DEPARTED TO DO THE DEED THAT WOULD HANG ME..."

"ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES LATER, ZANDINI ARRIVED AT DODGE'S HOME..."

IT WAS ALL YOUR IDEA, DODGE! YOU MADE ME DO IT--NOW I'M GOING TO PAY YOU OFF!

ALL THOSE LIVES ON MY CONSCIENCE! I CAN'T SLEEP NIGHTS! YOU'RE THE CAUSE OF IT ALL!

KRAMER, NO, NO! I--
AHHHH!

KRAMER! WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE! THAT LOOK ON YOUR FACE, WHAT'S WRONG?



KRAMER MUST BE CRAZY--
KILLING HIS PARTNER
LIKE THAT!

LET'S GET OUT OF
HERE BEFORE THE
POLICE COME!



"I SAW IT ALL; I TRIED TO CRY OUT THAT IT WASN'T ME--
BUT NOBODY HEARD ME..."

"LATER, WHEN ZANDINI RETURNED, I RECALL
THE FIRST STIRRINGS AS I BEGAN TO WAKE UP"

OM-NI PADNI--YOU ARE BEGINNING
TO WAKE UP NOW, YOUR BODY WILL
BEGIN TO STIR, YOU WILL BE ENTIRELY
NORMAL! COMING AWAKE...



MY HEAD, I--ZANDINI, YOU
DEVIL--WHAT HAVE YOU
DONE?



"THEN, IT
BEGAN TO
DAWN ON
ME..."

HELLO, POLICE, I WANT TO REPORT
A MURDER--JEFFERY DODGE! I'M
CONFESSING EVERYTHING. THIS IS
DAN KRAMER SPEAKING!



HAH, ZANDINI, I SAW EVERYTHING YOU DID! I WAS WITH YOU EVERY MOMENT! I'LL TELL THE POLICE. THEY'LL GET YOU!



HA HA HA! I HAVE ACTED IN MANY, MANY SHOWS! BUT THIS-- THIS WAS ZANDINI'S GREATEST ACT! AND BECAUSE OF IT YOU, KRAMER, SHALL DIE!

"BUT THEN, I WAS TERRIFIED AT WHAT I SAW, HIS FACE HAD CHANGED, HE WAS LAUGHING..."



I BLINKED MY EYES FOR A SPLIT SECOND, AND WHEN I OPENED THEM--HE WAS GONE IN THE NIGHT!

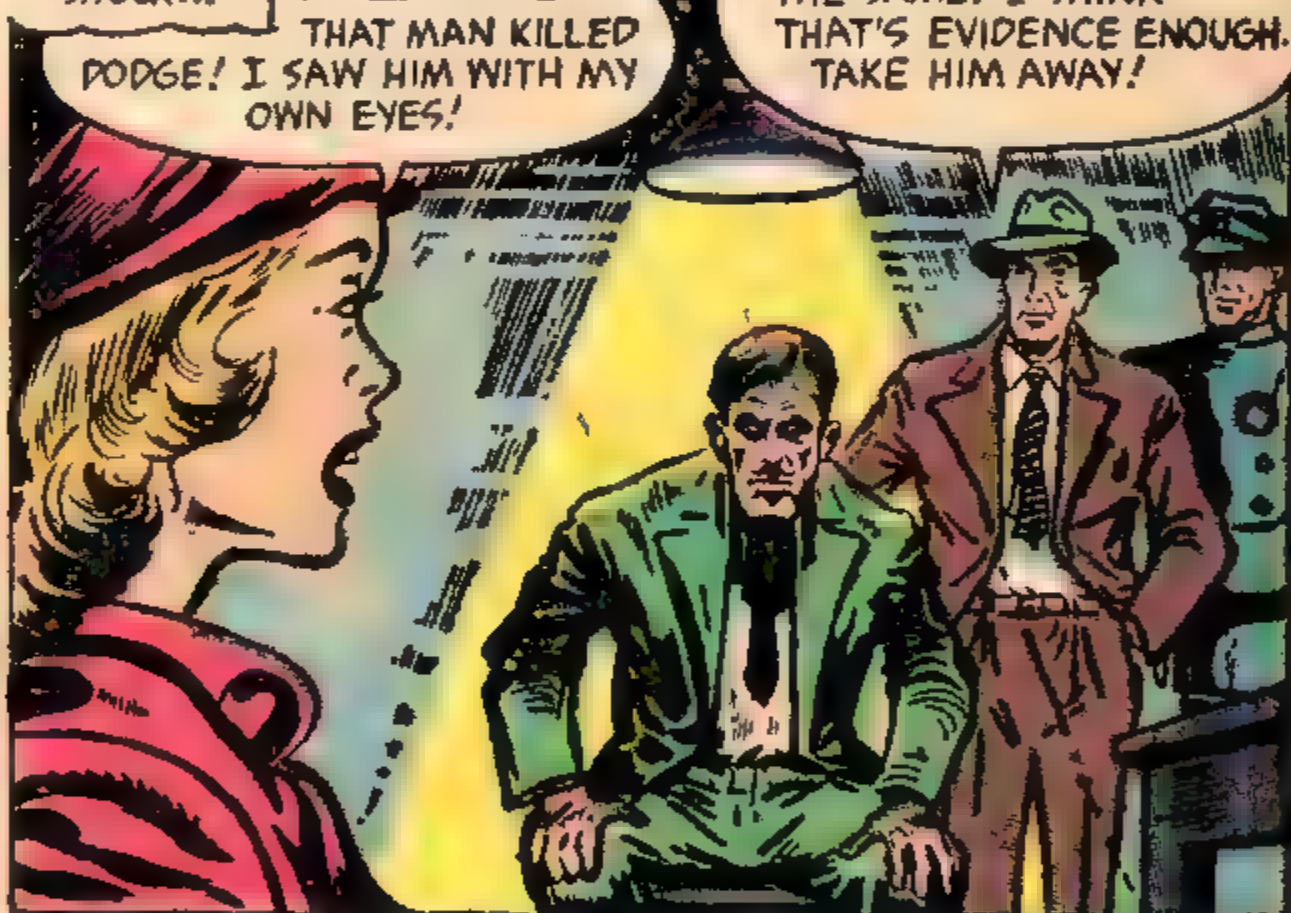
BUT, THE POLICE, THE WITNESSES-- THEY'LL BELIEVE MY STORY! THEY'VE GOT TO!



"LATER, AT POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS, I GOT MY FIRST SHOCK..."

THAT MAN KILLED DODGE! I SAW HIM WITH MY OWN EYES!

THAT MAKES FOUR OF YOU, TESTIFYING EXACTLY THE SAME. I THINK THAT'S EVIDENCE ENOUGH. TAKE HIM AWAY!



"AT THE TRIAL, THEY SAID I WAS LYING, THAT I WAS CRAZY..."

I TRIED TO MAKE THEM BELIEVE ME, BUT THEY WOULDN'T LISTEN. THEY CONDEMNED ME FOR SOMETHING I DIDN'T DO!



YEAH, YOU GO AT TWELVE MIDNIGHT. CAN'T BLAME TH' JUDGE AND JURY MUCH THOUGH FELLER. YOUR STORY DIDN'T STAND UP WHEN THEY FOUND OUT ZANDINI HAD BEEN DEAD FOR THE PAST FIVE YEARS!



"SO THAT WAS WHAT NAILED ME! JUST LIKE ZANDINI--TO FIGURE OUT SOME WAY TO COME BACK FROM THE DEAD..."

BUT SOMEONE'S GOT TO BELIEVE ME--SOMEONE'S GOT TO BELIEVE THAT ZANDINI DID IT!



THE END

The Trail of Invisible Clues

BOB opened the door to admit the homicide chief. "Hello, McGill," he greeted. "You really didn't need to come out. The case is all sewed up."

McGill stared around the room, noting the expensive furnishings. "I hope you haven't missed anything of importance, Bob."

"It's open and shut. This Frances Marble is guilty as sin. We've got everything on her but a confession. The coroner's in with the body now. Want to take a look before they disturb things too much?"

Bob led the way from the reception room to the murder chamber. "It's pretty messy," he informed. "The victim is this Bourget dame—you know, she owns all those steel mills and things."

The body of a very fat woman made a crumpled heap in the middle of the floor. A large irregular pool of blood had half-dried on the rug. A blood-stained monkey wrench lay near the body. "The murder weapon," Bob informed.

"This don't look like the kind of murder a woman would commit," McGill mused. "That's a most unusual weapon—especially if the murder was premeditated."

"Women have been known to commit murder with an axe," Bob answered. "The Marble girl was seen entering and leaving the house about the time the murder was committed..."

"Who saw her?"

"Workmen from a road crew repairing the pavement. The girl lives right across the street. Her father was in business with the Bourget dame. He died a couple of weeks ago and his daughter claims the Bourget dame cheated her out of a lot of money that belonged to her father."

McGill backed out of the room and Bob followed him. "That's a strong enough motive," the homicide chief decided.

Bob smiled. "We've even traced the murder weapon. It came from her father's workshop. He was a funny old coot, always working down in the basement, trying to invent things."

"Is she still in the house? I'd like to question her."

A few minutes later, McGill was perched on the edge of the library desk. A tall, thin girl with flaming red hair sat tense on the edge of an easy chair nervously awaiting his questions.

"Now, Miss Marble, just a few things I want to know. Why did you come to see Mary Bourget? I understand you two have been—uh—unfriendly since your father's death?"

"She cheated me out of a lot of money that belonged to Dad. But she called me yesterday and made an appointment with me. She said she wanted to see if we could straighten everything out."

Bob took over the questioning. He looked very sympathetic. "So you walk in and discover the body?"

"That's right."

McGill shot the next question. "Why didn't you report it?"

"I was scared. I knew everybody would think I did it and..."

"So you went home and packed your clothes. Where were you going? A vacation in Cuba?"

"Oh, what's the use! You don't believe me!"

McGill made some notes. "That will be all," he decided. He turned to Bob. "Who discovered the body?"

"Her brother, Martin, found her about an

hour after she was killed. She was a funny old dame—wouldn't have any servants in the house."

"Bring in the brother."

Martin Bourget was a distinguished looking young man with prematurely grey hair. His dark business suit was well tailored. McGill looked at him closely. "How did your face get scratched?"

Martin raised his hand instinctively to touch the long, fresh scratch on his forehead. "The cat did it."

McGill seemed satisfied with the answer. "Where were you at the time of the murder?"

"I left the house shortly after breakfast and drove into town." He listed a few places he had visited.

"And you returned to find your sister dead. I understand that you were friendly with Miss Marble even after she quarreled bitterly with your sister."

"That's right. I think my sister may have cheated her. She was unscrupulous in business. I—uh—did not approve of her tactics. But I counseled Miss Marble against going into court against her. She couldn't have won."

"You have been a rather frequent visitor at Miss Marble's home?"

"Yes."

"That will be all."

When they were alone, Bob turned to McGill with a smug smile. "It's open and shut."

"Have you checked this Bourget guy's story?"

"It checks."

McGill flung the next question quickly. "Could he have been in the house at the time of the murder?"

"No . . . Yeah, but it's not logical. Look, we've already got a perfect case against this Marble girl. I figure it out like this. Maybe she's half off her nut, thinking about her

father, and how she got cheated out of all that money. So she walks around the house looking at her father's things—you know the way people do—thinking about him, picking up his pipes, and his books, sort of dreaming about when he was still around. She goes into her father's workshop and sees this monkey-wrench. Suddenly she snaps. She picks up the monkey-wrench and runs across the street to beat Bourget's brains out."

McGill shook his head sadly. "Will you tell the boys to arrest Martin Bourget?"

Bob spun around in his chair. "Martin? Are you crazy?"

"Nope. He's the only one could've committed the murder. It's a dirty frame-up."

"How do you figure that?"

"Bob, you're dumb. That girl came running across the street. She was seen by the workmen. Did they say she was carrying a monkey-wrench? They couldn't have missed seeing the tool if she carried it, yet they did not see it."

"Holy mackerel, McGill, you're right!"

"Martin's been planning this a long time. He stole the wrench several days ago to plant it. Then, he persuaded his sister to invite Miss Marble over."

"But he killed the old girl so that the Marble dame would come in and find the body." Bob scratched his chin. "You're right, McGill, but it'll never hold up in court. No evidence."

McGill smiled. "And he wasn't scratched by any cat. His sister did that . . . We'll find traces of skin under her fingernails in the laboratory test and they'll match up with his skin. You'll make a good detective some day, Bob, if you remember to look for the things that are missing. Like the monkey-wrench that good-looking red-head wasn't carrying."

THE END



STAMPS

By Sidney Elias



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HIGH up in the Pyrenees Mountains which separate France and Spain, exists the tiny independent state of Andorra. This little state is located in a single valley and is entirely surrounded by mountains. During the severe winter months Andorra is practically cut off from the outside world.

Although Andorra is described as an independent state, its independence is confined to its local government and institutions. It cannot make any foreign commitments for these powers rest in the hands of the Spanish bishop of Urgel and the government of France who jointly control it.

The independence of Andorra dates back to the 8th century when it was under the feudal lordship of a family of Spanish counts. In 1170, the state was ceded to the Spanish counts of Castelbo by the Spanish counts of Urgel who controlled it. By marriage, the rights of the Spanish counts were transferred to the French count of Foix who married the heiress of the house of Castelbo. The Spanish bishop of Urgel claimed some rights to this state hence, by the Act of Division of 1278, control over the state was equally divided between the French count and the bishop of Urgel. Today the state is jointly controlled by the French government who inherited the count of Foix's claim and by the Spanish bishop of Urgel.

In 1928, the little state issued its first postage stamps which were released by the Spanish administrators. These stamps and those sets which were later issued by the Spanish administrators contained the name "Andorra" and the monetary unit was the peseta. The first stamps issued by the French administrators were in 1931 and these bore the name "Valley of Andorra" and had as its monetary unit, the franc. Although there are but a few thousand people living in Andorra, hundreds of thousands of these stamps were printed. Naturally many of these stamps were printed to satisfy the desire of stamp collectors.

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ARCO PUBLISHING CO., Dept. 3FNC, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

BOYS MAKE YOUR OWN RADIO



LEARN INTERESTING DETAILS

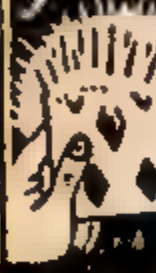
Make your own simple, tubeless, batteryless Crystal Radio. SEND 25c for a GENUINE MELOMITE CRYSTAL with complete illustrated instructions for making your own set. Crystal sent postpaid with instructions and our own publication, "THE MAGIC CRYSTAL" which is full of news, diagrams, questions and answers of interest.

SEND 25c FOR YOUR CRYSTAL TODAY!

ALVA ALLEN RADIO

Dept. FHC-3 Clinton, Missouri

Tricky VANISHING CARD



AMAZING TRICK THAT MAKES a magician of YOU! A Card is freely shown, yet disappears from hand to reappear in spectators pocket. ITS FREE! If you send us 25c coin or stamps for our "BIG" Catalog of 400 Illustrated Tricks.

"The MAGICIAN" H. 2463 KENSINGTON AV. PHILADELPHIA 25 PA.

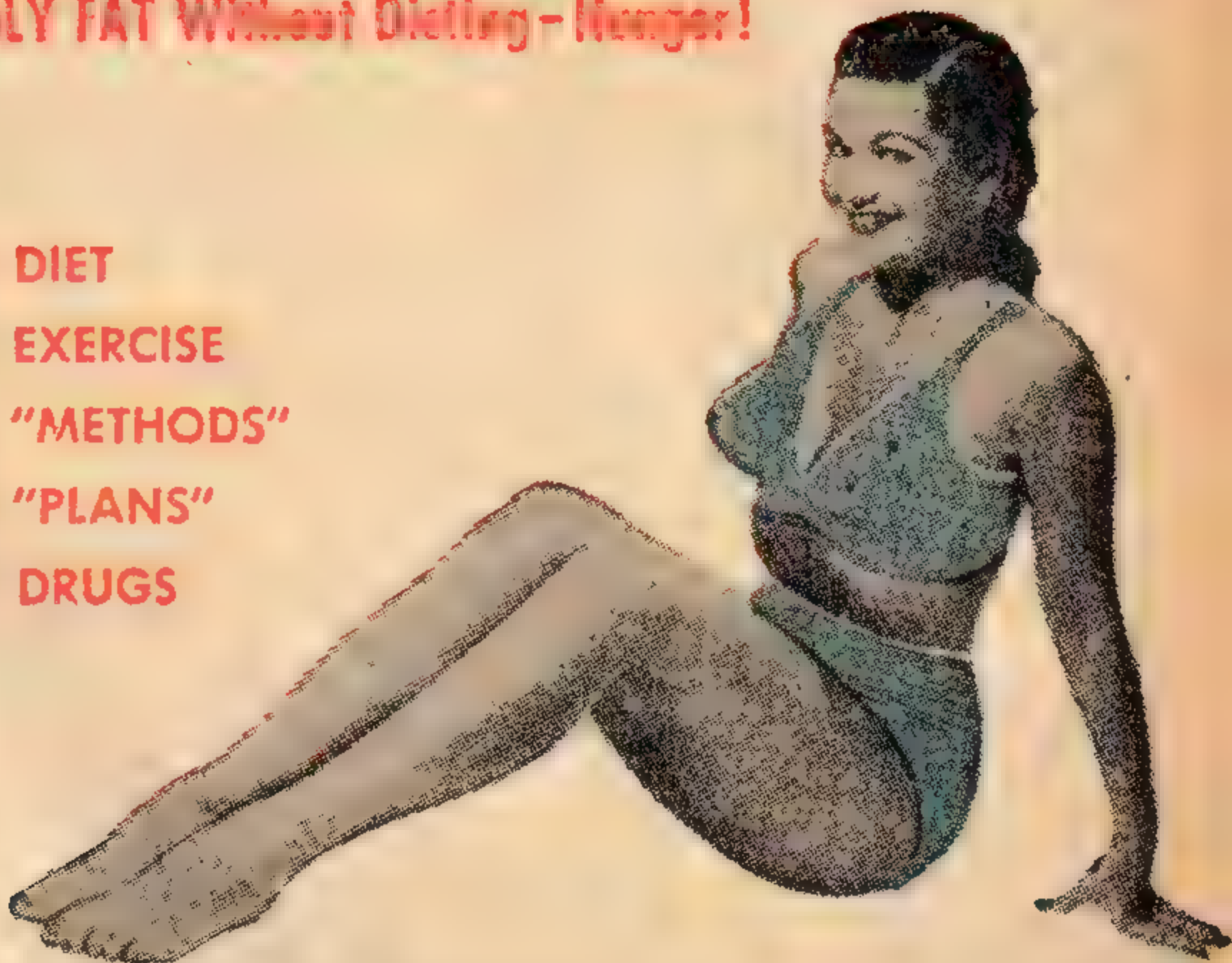
MEANING OF "APPROVALS"

When the word "approvals" or "approval applicants" appears in any advertisement on these pages, it means that the advertiser, in addition to sending you the offer he makes you, sends you some sheets of paper upon which are stuck stamps that he wishes you to look over and possibly buy. These stamps have written below them the price he wishes for that stamp. If you want to buy it, you remove the stamp or stamps you want, and RETURN those you do NOT want together with the money for THOSE YOU HAVE KEPT. In other words, the stamps are for your "APPROVAL."

FAT FOLKS! *Your Dream Has Come True!*

How to Lose UGLY FAT Without Dieting—Hunger!

- NO DIET
- NO EXERCISE
- NO "METHODS"
- NO "PLANS"
- NO DRUGS



If you are a normal, healthy, overweight man or woman by all means read about this amazing, new, clinically tested medical discovery that is already creating a sensation all over the country.

Forget all about diets, hunger, calorie counting, massage, drugs, exercise and all other unpleasant, unnecessary things usually associated with reducing.

For a great medical discovery now makes it possible for you to lose pounds of excess fat safely—without dieting, without having a single hungry moment.

Doctors Discover Meltab

Most doctors agree that the best way to lose excess fat is to eat less—to go on a restricted diet. A group of New York doctors, making a special study of obesity, realized however, that while dieting was desirable it wasn't as easy or as simple as it sounds for most overweight people.

➡ Meltab has been clinically tested by doctors connected with one of New York's largest hospitals.

Hunger—The Fat Person's Enemy!

Dieting for most folks means hunger. And few people can resist hunger. So they appease it by eating between meals, by going off their diets. And back come the unwanted pounds and inches.

So these New York doctors worked for years searching for a formula that would lick hunger and make people lose fat safely, *without dieting*. They finally announced success, in a food adjunct called MELTABS.

Clinical Tests Proved Their Discovery

The doctors clinically tested MELTABS on a large group of non-glandular overweight men and women.

The group undergoing the tests were instructed by the doctors to chew or suck a tasty MELTABS before each meal, but not to go on any special diet, nor to cut out any special foods—just sit down at the table and eat until satisfied.

Results Amazing

Every member of the group lost 8 to 20 pounds in a short period of time; in fact satisfactory weight losses were noticed the very first week. And not a single person said she had a hungry moment.

Meltabs as Harmless as Water A food adjunct—not a drug

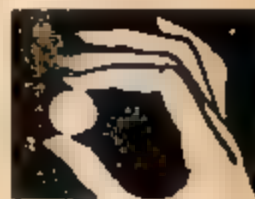
During the tests the doctors carefully checked the physical condition of each member of the group, took electro-cardiograms, and did not find a single

case of ill effect. Everyone said she never felt better. So at last, the fat person's dream has come true—a way to lose excess fat without dieting, without hunger, without giving up the foods she likes.

Start slimming down your figure. Get MELTABS today. \$3 for a month's supply. **GUARANTEE:** If you aren't pleased with the weight you lost after using one bottle of MELTABS you get your money back.

How Meltab Prevents Overeating—Hunger

According to scientific calculations, one Meltab wafer has the hunger satisfying capacity of 1 lb. boiled potatoes, or 3 slices white bread, or 4 eggs—yet it contains only 3 calories.



Men: Why not try MELTABS, the natural way to take off excess weight that's neither good for you nor good to look at

MAIL COUPON NOW!

ROBIN PRODUCTS CO., Dept. 406
26 East 46th St., New York 17, N. Y.

Send me 30 Day Supply of MELTABS.

I enclose \$3.00 for postpaid delivery. ☐

Send C. O. D.—I will pay postman \$3.00 plus postal charges. ☐

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE.....

Your money back if you don't LOSE WEIGHT

THE SWINGER OF THE SCYTHE WROTE NEW WORDS FOR IT...

PAYOFF BLUES



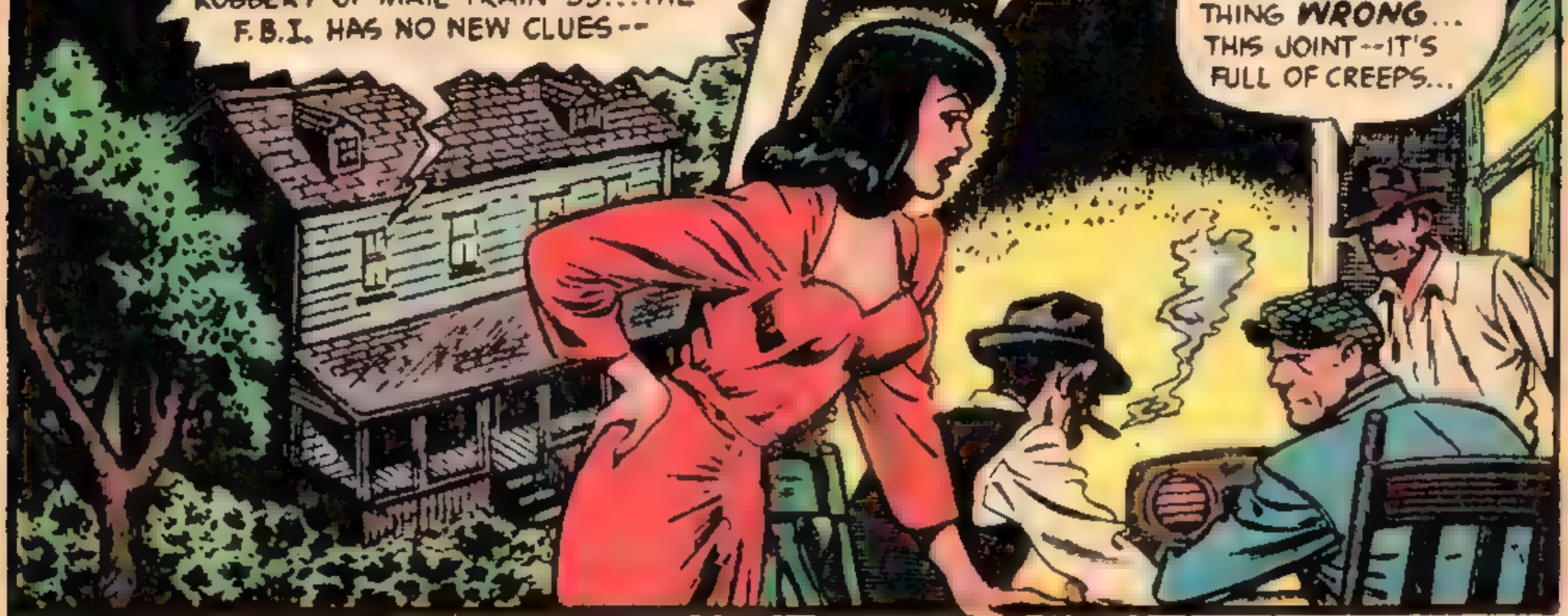
THE HEAT WAS OFF NOW...THE LOOTING OF THE DIXIE FLYER...THE GUNFIRE GETAWAY...WAS SIX WEEKS AND A THOUSAND MILES BEHIND THEM...WHY DID **CHOPPER MACK** STILL HEAR THAT TUNE THE RAIL-CLERK HUMMED AS BULLETS MOWED HIM DOWN?

IN A RAMSHACKLE HOUSE IN MILWAUKEE'S SUBURBS...

ATLANTA POLICE TODAY RELEASED THE LAST SUSPECT IN THE \$80,000 ROBBERY OF MAIL TRAIN 33...THE F.B.I. HAS NO NEW CLUES--

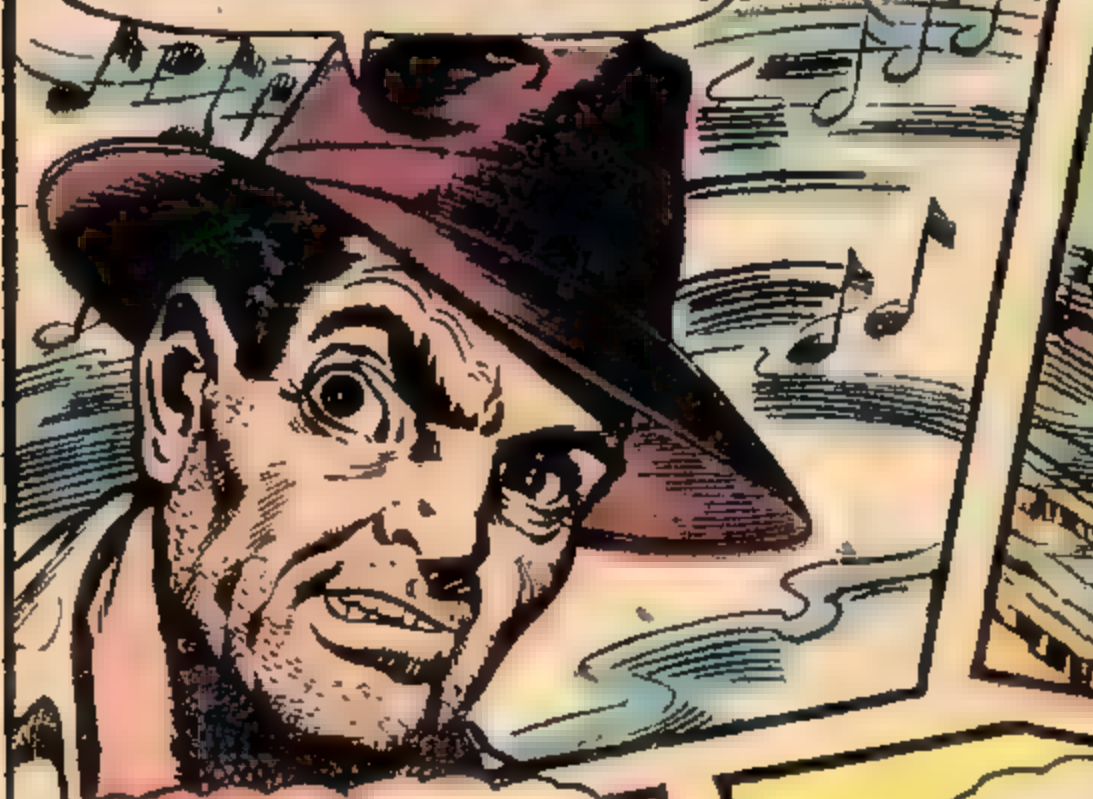
HEAR THAT, CHOPPER?
WE'RE SAFE AS CHURCH-
MICE, AMIGO!

BUT I TELL YUH,
RITA, THERE'S SOME-
THING **WRONG**...
THIS JOINT--IT'S
FULL OF CREEPS...



FULL OF CREEPS, AND FULL OF SOUNDS...

THAT SONG THE FOUR-EYED JERK WAS HUMMING... WHY DO I KEEP HEARING IT? **LISTEN!**



JUST THE PAPERBOY... NEW KID, I GUESS... BUT WHY WAS HE PLAYING **THAT** OLD SONG?



MAYBE RITA'S RIGHT... NERVES, THAT'S ALL... BETTER TRY TO GET SOME SLEEP...

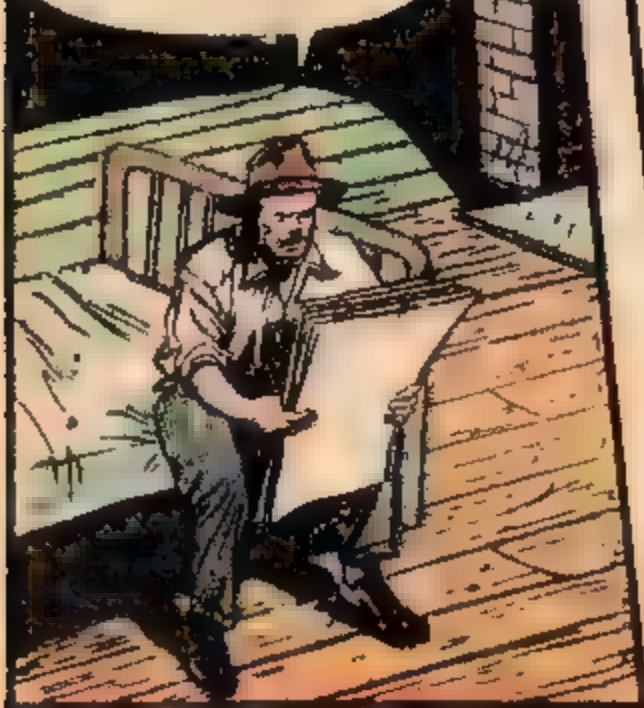


PSST! SOMETHING COCKEYED! WHEN DID OUR PAPER START COMING AT **THIS** TIME OF DAY?



SLEEPLESS EYES READ BASEBALL SCORES... THEN CHOPPER TURNED A PAGE--

DIFFERENT TYPE! AND WHAT THE-HEY! WHAT'S **THIS**?



RAIL CLERK SLAIN IN \$80,000 HAUL

JAMES SHAW OF METARIE KILLED BY TRIGGER-MAD THUG IN HOLDUP OF DIXIE FLYER...

NEVER WIN... ALWAYS LOSE... EVERYTHING BUT THEM **PAYDAY BLUES...**



RIBBIN' ME, HUH! JOKERS
SLIPPIN' AN OLD PAGE IN
A NEW PAPER!

ONE OF RITA'S TRICKS!
ALWAYS NEEDLIN' ME...
ALWAYS ASKIN' IF I'VE
TURNED **CHICKEN**!

BUT AS THE PAPER
FLARED UP IN FLAMES...

GOLDY!

Y-YOU KNOW
WHY I DONE IT,
GOLDY...FOR THE BOY...
MONEY TO TAKE
CARE OF HIM!

**BLOOD MONEY...
MURDER MONEY...**

I HAD HIM ADOPTED,
GOLDY...A GOOD FAMILY--
A CLEAN HOME. HE'LL
GO TO SCHOOL-- TO COL-
LEGE...HAVE THE THINGS
I NEVER HAD!

LISTEN! MUMBLING STUFF
TO HIS WIFE AGAIN...AND
SHE'S BEEN DEAD SINCE THE
BIG FLAMINGO
FIRE!

CHOPPER'S NEVER BEEN
THE SAME GUY SINCE...I
KNEW HE'D BLOW HIS TOP
SOME DAY!

YEAH...BLOW HIS TOP AND
BLOW US ALL INTO THE DEATH-
CELLS WITH HIM! I TELL YOU,
BOYS, WE GOT TO FIX HIM--
AND FIX HIM PRONTO!

CHOPPER MACK HEARD THEM WHISPERING IN THE HALL...SNEERING AT HIM...CALLING HIM "CHICKEN." BUT AS HIS ANGER MOUNTED, ANOTHER SOUND FLOWED IN ON HIM...

ALL MY PAY-CHECK SPENT NOT A CENT FOR RENT...

A man in a white shirt and blue pants is shown in a state of panic, clutching his head with one hand and gesturing with the other. Musical notes are floating around him, suggesting a haunting or overwhelming sound. He is in a room with wooden walls and a window.

THE PAPERBOY! THEY HIRED HIM TO PLAY THAT TUNE...TO FIX THAT PHONEY PAPER! I'LL DRAG HIM IN HERE--

A close-up of a man wearing a brown hat, looking down with a determined and somewhat menacing expression. He is holding a handgun in his right hand, which is visible in the foreground.

THEN...

CHOPPER! COME BACK, YOU SCREWBALL! RITA--QUICK--HE'S CLIMBIN' OUT THE WINDOW!

THE NEIGHBORS--THEY'LL CALL THE COPS!

HE'S HIDIN' DOWN BEHIND THE FENCE... GOT HIS ROD OUT--WAVIN' IT AT THE EMPTY ROAD... C'MON!

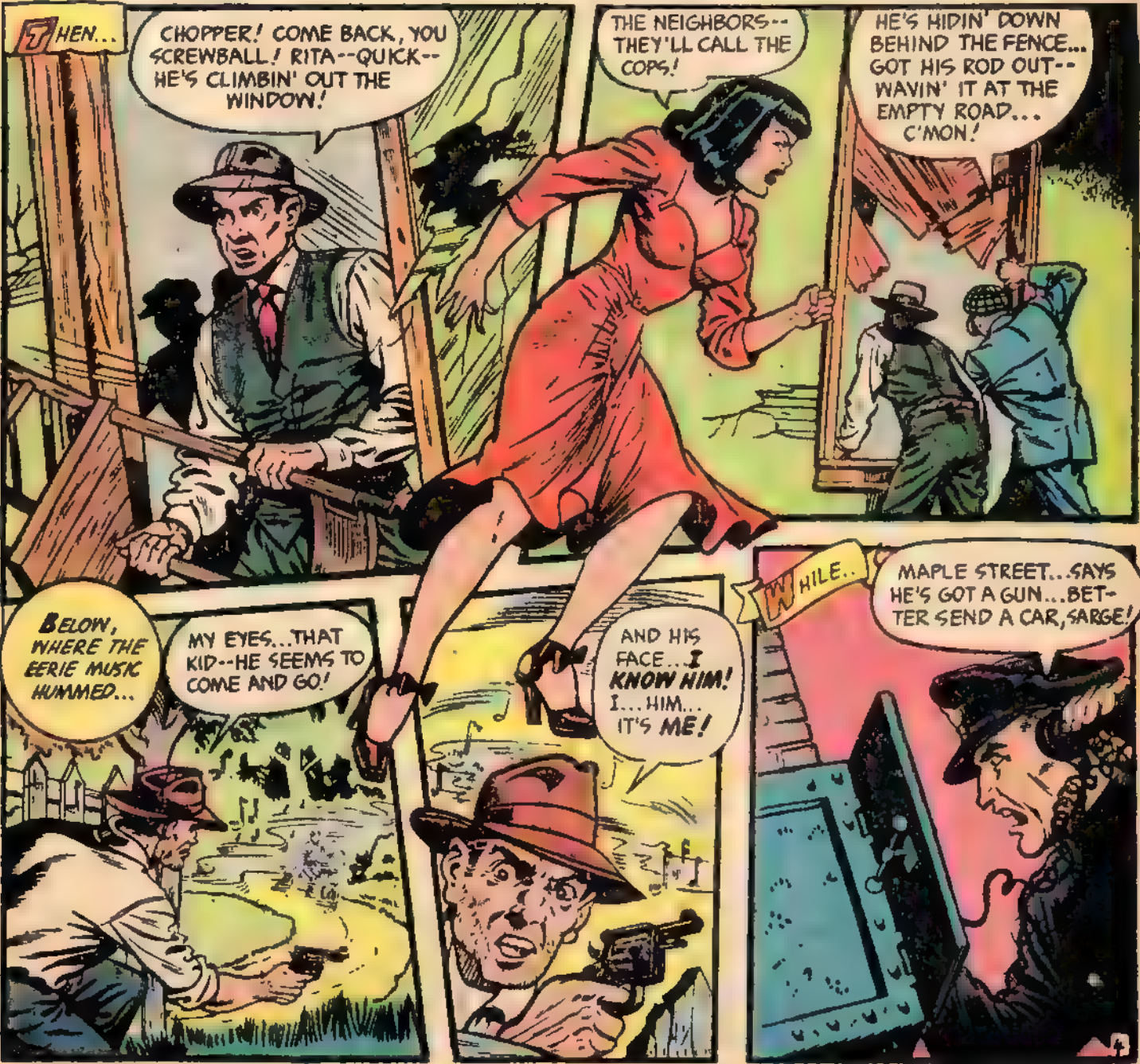
BELOW, WHERE THE EERIE MUSIC HUMMED...

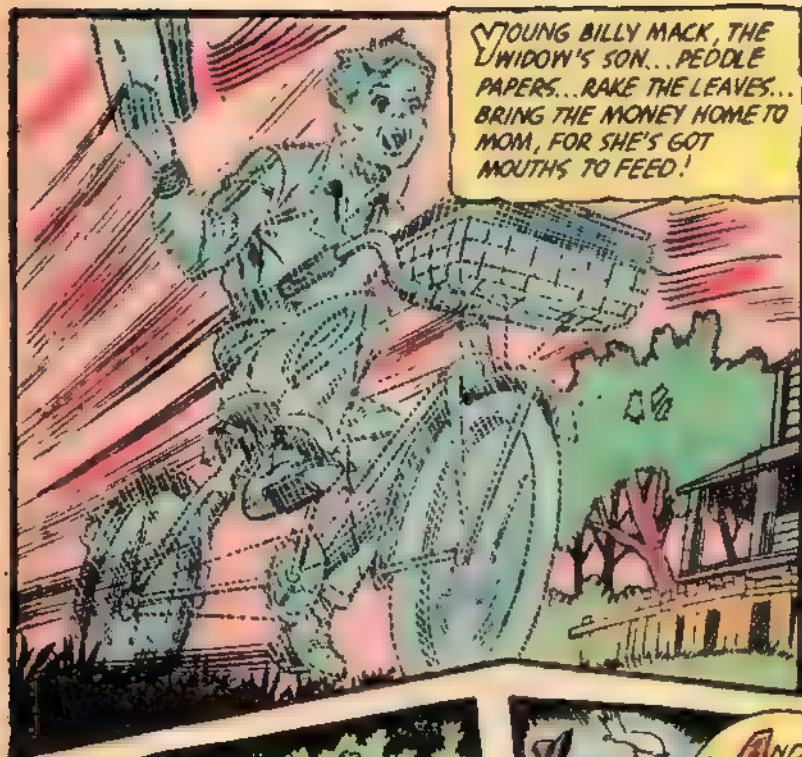
MY EYES...THAT KID--HE SEEMS TO COME AND GO!

AND HIS FACE...I KNOW HIM! I... HIM... IT'S ME!

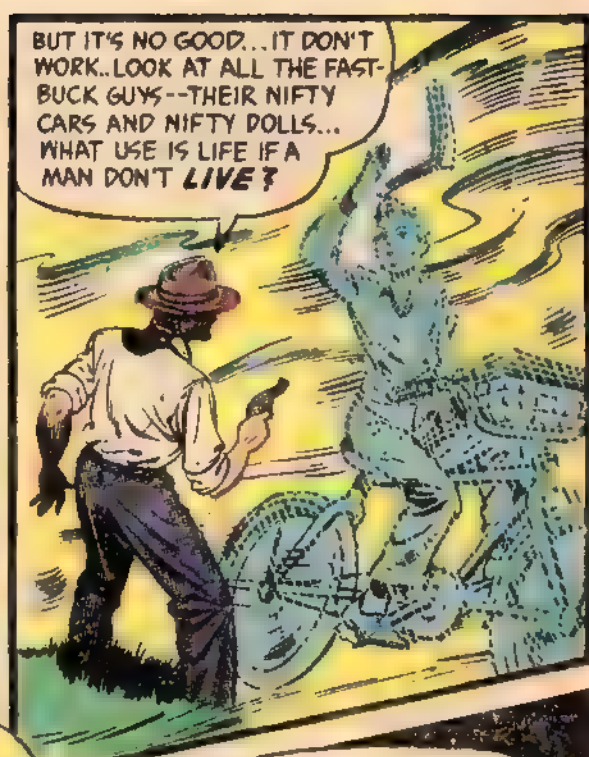
WHILE...

MAPLE STREET...SAYS HE'S GOT A GUN...BETTER SEND A CAR, SARGE!

A large panel showing a woman in a red dress running quickly towards the right. In the background, a man in a hat is crouching behind a wooden fence, looking out. Another man in a blue jacket is also visible near the fence. The scene is set in a residential area with houses and trees. The bottom of the panel is divided into three smaller scenes: a man looking out from a window, a man in a hat holding a gun, and a man in a hat talking on a telephone.



YOUNG BILLY MACK, THE WIDOW'S SON... PEDDLE PAPERS... RAKE THE LEAVES... BRING THE MONEY HOME TO MOM, FOR SHE'S GOT MOUTHS TO FEED!



BUT IT'S NO GOOD... IT DON'T WORK... LOOK AT ALL THE FAST-
BUCK GUYS--THEIR NIFTY
CARS AND NIFTY DOLLS...
WHAT USE IS LIFE IF A
MAN DON'T *LIVE*?



I'LL TAKE MINE THE
QUICK WAY, SEE?
EASY COME AND
EASY GO!



...AND
THAT'S HOW
HE GOT IT--
THE QUICK
WAY!



THE CAR, OSCAR! LET'S
BLOW FAST... WE--ULP!
IT'S THE COPS!



...AND SO IT ENDS LIKE THE BLUES
SONG ENDS: "LOST MY MONEY... LOST
MY HEAD... SHOT MY HONEY STONE
COLD DEAD..."



Daily Herald
EXTRA!
**TRAIN-ROB
CAPTURED**

CHOPPER MACK, TRIGGERMAN
OF DIXIE FLYER ROBBERY, SLAIN
BY HENCHMEN IN WISCONSIN
HIDEOUT...

"SO LISTEN, BROTHER... PLAY IT WISE
PLUG YOUR EARS AND HIDE YOUR EYES.
DON'T CLIMB INTO MY FOOL SHOES
WHEN SATAN SINGS THEM PAYDAY BLUES..."

Ghost Squadron

By CAPT. DEREK WEST

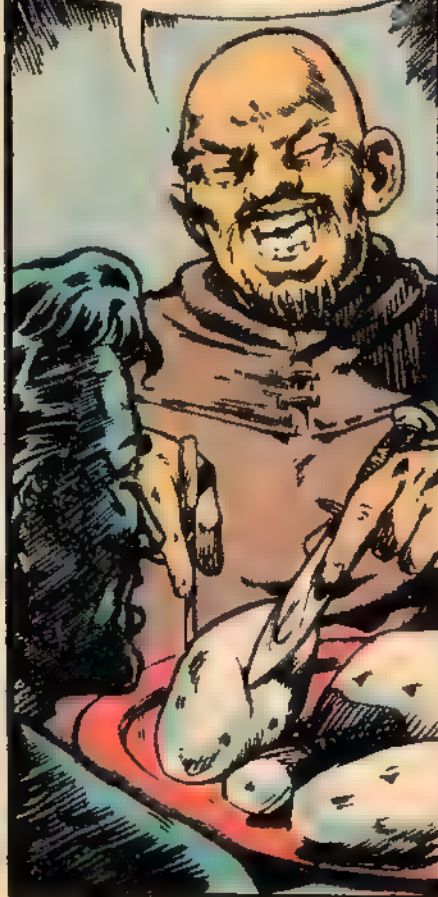


BROTHER CHAI WAS DRINKING A TOAST WHEN THE FIRST FAINT HUMMING EDGED THE SKY...



TO OUR **SERVANTS** WE ARE ABOUT TO LOSE! TO THE LOST YANKEE HEROES--
HAI!

TOMORROW THE RED SPIES COME FOR YOU... FOR EACH THEY WILL PAY A THOUSAND, HONGKONG GOLD... **WHAT'S THAT?**



A PLANE... A SEARCH PLANE!

NO! BUT NOT SEEKING **THIS** PLACE, CAPTAIN! WHO WOULD HUNT FOR MEN SHOT DOWN SIX WEEKS AGO IN A COLONY OF **LEPERS!**



...BUT FROM THE PLANE THAT WAS SOARING ABOVE...

LOOK, COLONEL! THE ROAD...THE BEND OF RIVER...JUST AS MY VISION SAW THEM! LET YOUR PILOT MARK HIS MAP!

MARK IT, JUDSON, CRAZY OR NOT--IT'S WORTH A CHANCE!

YOU WILL FIND YOUR BROTHER ALIVE THERE... BUT DANGER HANGS ABOVE HIS HEAD...YOU MUST ACT SOON!

ALL RIGHT, SUZI--I'M CALLING YOUR BLUFF...BACK TO BASE, THEN I'LL TAKE YOU IN BY JEEP OR 'COPTER... I STILL THINK VISIONS AND SECOND-SIGHT ARE A LOT OF HOGWASH, SEE. BUT I'D KISS EVERY BUDDHA'S TOE IN KOREA FOR ONE LIVE GLIMPSE OF JIM!

THIS EURASTIAN GIRL WAS CALLED SUZI-Q... HER ACT WAS READING TEA-LEAVES IN A CHEAP CAFE BEHIND THE LINES...COLONEL BENTON HAD LAUGHED AN UGLY LAUGH WHEN HE FIRST HEARD HER STORY...BUT NOW, AT NOON NEXT DAY--

OKAY, SUZI--YOUR BALL! SMELL OUT A BOMBER SIX WEEKS LOST AND LAST REPORTED FIFTY MILES FROM HERE!

TAUNT ME IF YOU WISH, SIR...HOW THE PLANE WAS HURT AND WHERE IT FELL I DO NOT KNOW...BUT I SAW THIS PLACE TWO NIGHTS AGO...

IN THE MOONLIGHT, BRIGHT AND CLEAR...A MAN CAME RUNNING--STAGGERING--AND BEHIND HIM CHASED THE KILLER KNIVES...THEY CAUGHT HIM HERE!

HE WAS PILOT OF THE PLANE, AND HE IS DEAD... BUT HIS DANGER YET LIVES FOR THE OTHERS.

HE WENT ON TOWARDS THE ANCIENT WALLS MARKED WITH WARNING SIGNS...

BUT OUT OF IT THE KILLERS CAME...MY VISION SAYS GO ON!

HOLD IT! THE LEPER MARKINGS--CAN'T GO IN THERE!

WAIT! I'VE GOT TWO
JEEPS OF SEARCHERS
COMING IN... WE'LL
CALL THE HEAD
MONK OUT--

NO! THE TIME IS
NOW! CAN'T YOU
FEEL THE EVIL--
THE DREAD INSIDE?

YOU'RE RIGHT! SOMETHING
UGLY HERE... **QUIET--
LISTEN!**

BROTHER CHAI WAS
CHUCKLING NOW...

THE OLD MONKS--THE ONES
WE SLEW A YEAR AGO--WERE
FOOLS... BUT THEIR PLACE IS
IDEAL FOR OUR USES...

IDEAL FOR HIDING PRISONERS...
FOR STARVING THEM HUMBLE...
FOR PREPARING THEM TO
BABBLE THE SECRETS THE RED
SPIES WANT TO KNOW--

JIM... IT'S **JIM!**
GROVELING FOR
THAT TRAITOR
DOG!

NO MORE MISTAKES, MY
YANKEE HEROES... NO MORE
SUCH TROUBLES AS WE HAD
WITH YOUR PILOT WE WERE
FORCED TO KILL TWO
NIGHTS AGO... THE DRUG IS
STRONGER NOW-- **WHAT?**

YOUR PAY OFF
IN A NEW COIN,
BROTHER--
BULLETS!

THEN BENTON'S GRENADE
BLASTING IN ON THEM...



YANKES!
THEY HAVE
FOUND US!

LIKE
ROBOT-MEN
THE PRISONERS
WATCHED THE
FALSE MONKS
MILL IN PANIC



THE GODS WE
BETRAYED HAVE
DOOMED US!

RUNNING LIKE RATS! BUT
GET THOSE THREE BOYS
MOVING, SUZI, BEFORE THE
RATS FIND TEETH!



AND SO, LOST FLYERS
SLEEP-WALKED TO FREEDOM...



SAVED...BUT
HOW...DID YOU...
FIND US?

HE MARKED THE
MAP--YOUR PILOT
WHO DIED!

SOON, THE CLEANUP JEEPS
CAME ROLLING IN...

I-I COULD FEEL IT, TOO, BACK
THERE, SUZI... SOMETHING
NEAR US--GUIDING US...WHAT
WAS IT? AND HOW DID YOU
KNOW?

HIS NAME
WAS CAPTAIN
WILLIAM
BREED...



I KNEW BECAUSE I WEAR
HIS RING... BECAUSE MY
SOUL WENT DEAD WHEN
BILLY DIED... BECAUSE
THERE IS A KIND OF LOVE
NO MORTAL THING CAN
SEVER, SIR!



THE
END

TWO MUST DIE

HOLT AND REAMER, INC.
NEW YORK, N.Y.

MEMO:
NATIVE WORKERS CLAIM TO HAVE SEEN
APPARITIONS IN THE LOWER SHAFTS. SINCE
THEY REFUSE TO WORK, I HAVE CLOSED THE
MINE. SERIOUS SITUATION, BETTER COME
AT ONCE.

TRULTY,
HEAD STEVENS
ENGINEER



AND NOW THE OWNER'S PRIVATE
PLANE WAS SPEEDING ACROSS
THE MEXICAN BORDER...

WE'LL BE IN
SANTINA IN AN
HOUR, HOLT.
WHAT DO YOU
MAKE OF IT?

EITHER STEVENS
IS A NUT, OR
THE NATIVES
HAVE GONE
BERSERK!

OUR GRANDFATHERS
HAD MUCH THE
SAME TROUBLE,
REAMER, TRYING
TO RUN A
BUSINESS WITH
SUPERSTITIONS!

WE'LL GET
ALL THE
DOPE FROM
STEVENS!

LATER, OUTSIDE THE SUPERINTENDENT'S SHACK...

WELL, STEVENS... THAT
LETTER YOU SENT...
IT'S PREPOSTEROUS,
OF COURSE! WHAT
DO YOU SUGGEST?

IT'S NOT
PREPOSTEROUS
TO THE WORKERS,
MISTER HOLT!
THEY REFUSE!
TO WORK!



THERE'S MORE TO THIS THING THAN JUST NATIVE SUPERSTITION. BUT PERHAPS I SHOULD GO BACK TO THE VERY BEGINNING...



THREE MONTHS AGO, UNDER YOUR ORDERS, I HAD THE MINE REOPENED."



WE FOUND A NEW VEIN IN THE LOWER SHAFTS, MEN. WE'LL WORK THERE!

EVERYTHING WENT WELL FOR THE FIRST TWO AND A HALF MONTHS, THEN, TWO WEEKS AGO..."



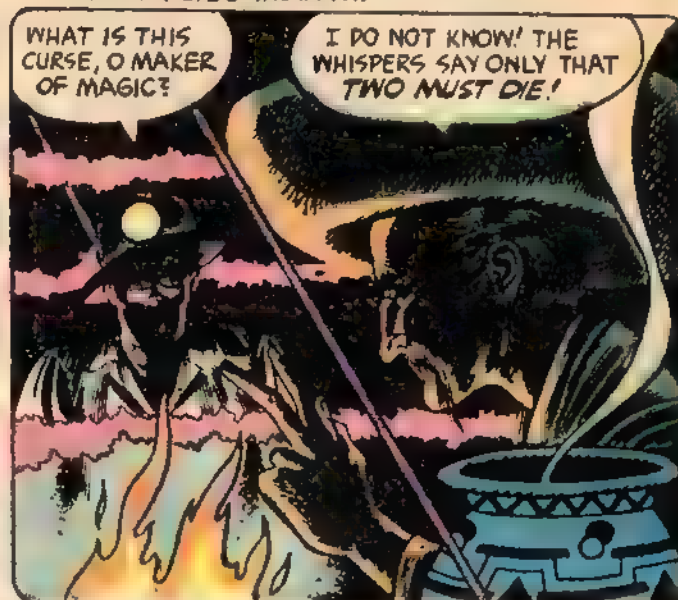
AMIGOS! LOOK, SHADOWS CREEPING TOWARD US... WHAT ARE THEY?

A LOUD WAILING SOUND ECHOED IN THE SHAFT, AS THE SHADOWS TOOK SHAPE..."



THIS MINE IS CURSED!

A WEEK AGO, I CONSULTED OLD ZAMBA, AN ANCIENT AZTEC INDIAN..."



WHAT IS THIS CURSE, O MAKER OF MAGIC?

I DO NOT KNOW! THE WHISPERS SAY ONLY THAT TWO MUST DIE!

BEFORE THEY'LL GO BACK TO WORK, TWO PEOPLE MUST DIE!

POPPYCOCK! I THINK YOU'VE BEEN AWAY FROM CIVILIZATION TOO LONG, STEVENS! COME ON, HOLT!



WHAT HAVE YOU GOT IN MIND?

WE'LL LOOK INTO THIS ZAMBA FELLOW OURSELVES!

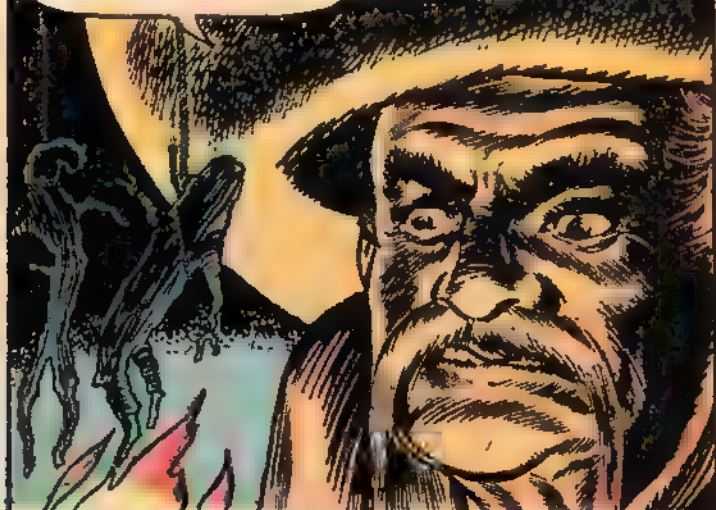
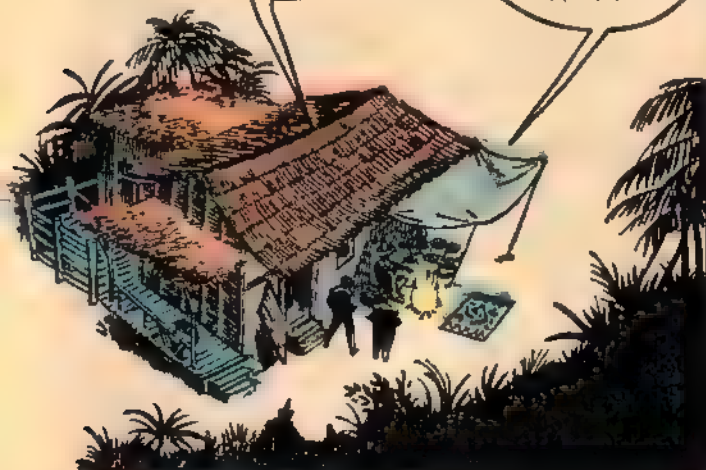


SOON AT THE OLD MAGIC-MAKER'S HUT...

WE'RE THE OWNERS OF THE SILVER MINE, OLD MAN... WE'VE COME TO FIND OUT ABOUT THIS GHOST CURSE!

YOU WILL SEAT YOURSELF AT THE FIRE, I WILL TELL WHAT I KNOW!

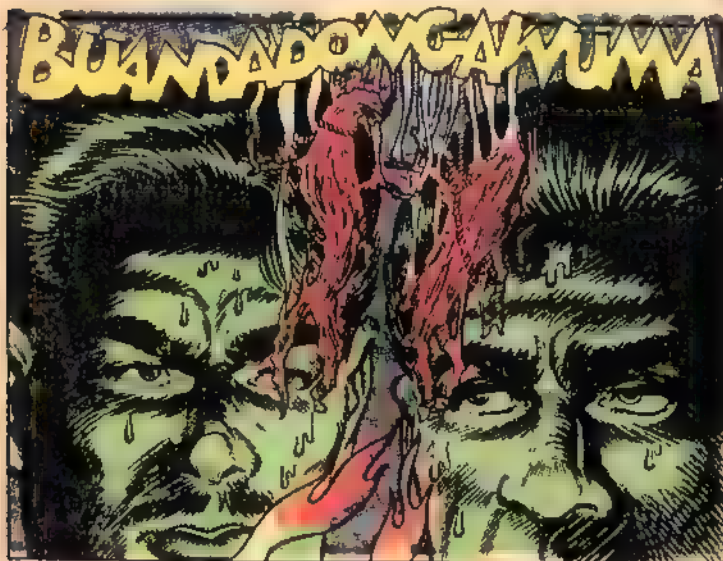
THE STICKS ARE OF THE MANDRAKE TREE, SOON THEY WILL TAKE SHAPE AND THEN WE SHALL KNOW WHO ARE THE TWO WHO MUST DIE!



NOW, HE WAS IN A MESMERIC TRANCE AND HIS VOICE CHANTED MONOTONOUSLY OVER THE ODD-SHAPED TWIGGS...

BUT SUDDENLY...

BAH! ENOUGH OF THIS MUMBO-JUMBO OLD RASCAL! WHAT IS IT YOU WANT? MONEY? POWER? SPEAK UP!



IT'S A TRICK OF SOME SORT! A NEW TWIST ON THE OLD FASHIONED HOLDUP! YOU'LL GET THOSE WORKERS BACK TO THE MINE, OR ELSE...

AND LATER...

YOUR MAN OF MAGIC IS AN OLD FAKE, STEVENS! HE'S PULLING SOME RACKET!

BUT WE BUSTED THAT UP VERY NICELY! I THINK YOU'LL FIND THE WORKERS BACK BEFORE LONG!

WELL, I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, BUT I DOUBT IT! THE NATIVES BELIEVE IN GHOSTS TOO STRONGLY! IF THE OLD MAN SAYS TWO MUST DIE, THEN NOTHING CAN CHANGE IT!



TWO DAYS PASSED, BUT THE WORKERS DID NOT RETURN TO THE MINE. ON THE THIRD MORNING, OWNERS HOLT AND REAMER AROSE BEFORE DAYBREAK...

...THEN WENT TOWARDS THE MINE ENTRANCE...

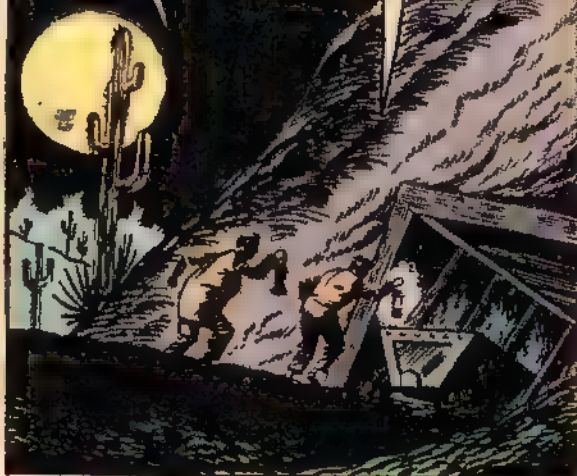
WHY THE EARLY EXCURSION, REAMER?

EITHER STEVENS, OR THE OLD MAN HAS SOMETHING UP HIS SLEEVE! WE MAY FIND OUT WHAT IT IS... IN HERE!

AND FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, THEY WERE WELL INSIDE THE LOWER SHAFTS...

MY BET IS THEY FOUND A VEIN OF SOMETHING ELSE AND ARE HOLDING OUT!

NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT! SAY, WHAT'S THAT?



IN THE SHADOWS VAGUE VISIONS WERE BEGINNING TO STIR, TO RISE UP INTO FEARFUL SHAPES...



THEN THEY SAW THEM CLEARLY...

HOLT, LOOK... THAT FIGURE COMING TOWARDS US... IT LOOKS LIKE...

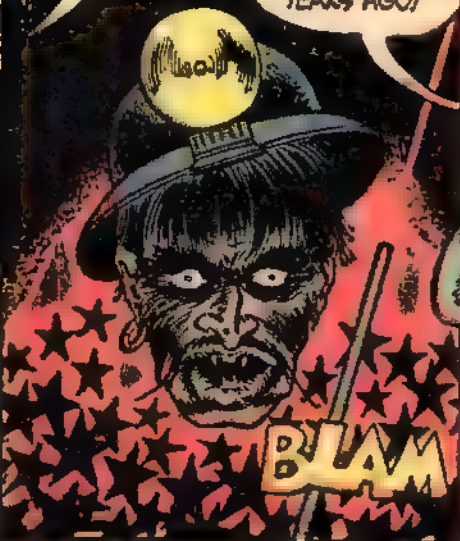
WHY, IT'S THAT MEXICAN FOREMAN WHO DIED IN THE COLLAPSE THREE YEARS AGO!

PEDRO GOMEZ, GENTLEMEN! I DIED AND MY FAMILY SUFFERED BECAUSE OF YOUR GREED...

CONFUSION AND PANIC HAD THEM IN A TIGHT GRIP...

YES, ONCE WE GET OUTSIDE WE'LL BE SAFE!

WAIT! THIS ISN'T THE EXIT...



GUNS ARE USELESS! MAKE FOR THE EXIT, QUICK!



NO, IT'S NOT! IT'S--IT'S THE OLD SHAFT...THE ONE THAT COLLAPSED ON GOMEZ AND HIS CREW!

WE'LL BE SAFE IN HERE ALL RIGHT! HOLT! WHAT'S THAT?

FIRST A SHARP SOUND, THEN A RUMBLE...GROWING LOUDER...

THE WALLS' CRUMBLING! THE VIBRATIONS OF OUR MOVING STARTED IT!

WE'LL BE BURIED ALIVE...

RUMBLE RUMBLE RUMBLE RUMBLE

THEY STRUGGLED AGAINST THE FALLING DEBRIS, BUT IT RAINED DOWN HARDER...

SOON, WHEN THE DUST HAD SETTLED VAGUE SHAPES GLOATED...

LATER...

YOU HAVE COME TO TELL ME THAT TWO HAVE DIED!

YES, OLD ONE, THE TWO OWNERS OF THE MINE! BUT WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

WE'RE DOOMED, HOLT, DOOMED!

KA-RASH

AT LAST, THEY DIE, AS WE DIED... DUE TO THEIR SLIP-SHOP METHODS! WE ARE AVENGED, SO NOW WE CAN REST!

WE SHALL LEARN THAT NOW, WHITE MAN! THE MAGIC SMOKE HAS DONE ITS WORK, THE STICKS WILL SHOW WHO WAS TO HAVE DIED! BEHOLD!

AND THERE IN THE FIREGLOW, THE FACES OF HOLT AND REAMER STARED BACK AT THEM--THE CURSE WAS BROKEN...

THE END

WALKIE TALKIES

POWERED BY ORIGINAL REMCO ELECTRO-MAGNETIC CHASSIS, U.S. GOVERNMENT PATENT NO. 2,536,179

TWO-WAY WALKIE TALKIES



TWO-WAY COMMUNICATIONS: Set consists of TWO (2) "Transceivers" ready to hook up between any two points. No license needed! Powered by new patented Remco electro-magnetic chassis. Practical, foolproof operation is guaranteed.

RECEIVE LOCAL BROADCAST STATIONS: Your Walkie Talkies can easily be converted to the broadcast band and thus serve as your own private radio receiver. The REMCO plug-in crystal adapter and special aerial attachment will permit reception on broadcast frequencies. Adapter and aerial attachment only \$1.98. (Optional) Sets are ruggedly constructed of high quality injection molded plastic; engineered for utility and extra long service. This is not a kit but a factory tested and guaranteed communication system. Guaranteed—or your money refunded in full.

RADIO RECEIVER AND INTERPHONE



MAIL COUPON—SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

EMPIRE MERCHANDISING CO., DEPT. WF1 Send check, cash, or M.O.
63 Central Avenue, Ossining, N. Y. No COD's outside U.S.A.

☐ Send 2 Walkie Talkie units..... Price \$3.49

☐ Send complete Walkie Talkies plus adapter and aerial..... Price \$5.47

☐ Full payment enclosed. Rush order post paid.

☐ \$1 deposit enclosed. Will pay postman balance plus charges.

Name.....

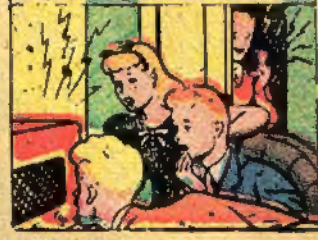
Address.....

City..... State.....

TWO-WAY WALKIE TALKIES only
\$3.49 postpaid
2 SETS COMPLETE

BROADCAST OVER HOME RADIO: Either or both of your Walkie Talkies can be hooked up so you can talk into them and hear your voice come out of the radio speaker. "Broadcast" from another room or another part of the house. Mystify your friends—plan your own radio programs and announcements.

RADIO BROADCASTING



EMPIRE MERCHANDISING CO., 63 CENTRAL AVE., OSSINING, N. Y.



TERRIFIC POWER!

20-MILE RANGE!

These powerful, precision-made glasses, tough cast metal field glasses will give you more pleasure than you've ever dreamed possible. Extremely lightweight. When you take your first look you'll be amazed at the way objects and people come up to you **CLOSE and CLEAR!** Guaranteed for long, durable service and thrills or **PAY NOTHING.** Take them on Motorizing Trips, Hunting & Fishing, to Sporting Events, Hiking and Seashore. See without being seen. If you've never owned a pair of field glasses before, don't miss out on thrills and pleasure these power-packed binoculars offer. **ORDER NOW!**

NO FINER BINOCULARS AT THIS LOW PRICE!

FREE! THIS VALUABLE CARRYING CASE

with order

\$4.98 tax incl.

ACT NOW!

GUARANTEE
Your complete satisfaction guaranteed, or money back immediately. Send check, money order or cash. For COD, enclose \$1 deposit. You get FREE carrying case with each order.

EMPIRE MDSG. CO., DEPT. BF1
63 Central Ave., Ossining, N. Y.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

ORDER BY MAIL

You Can WIN

This 15" tall
SILVER TROPHY
JUST AS I DID IN
10 MINUTES
OF FUN
A DAY!



I GAINED 53 LBS. OF SHAPELY POWER-PACKED MUSCLES!

Which of these

2 ME'S is YOU?

THAT 112 LB.-6 FT.

SPINDLE-**SISSY** below
ARMED WAS ME
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

THIS MAY BE
YOUR LAST
CHANCE
TO GET FOR
ALL 5 **10c**
PICTURE
PACKED COURSES
MILLIONS HAVE
BEEN SOLD FOR
\$1 AND MORE

When I enrolled I was
a skinny, sick weak-
ling. As you can see
in my "Before" Photo I
looked like a child...
years younger than my
age. I was ashamed to
take a picture in bath-
ing trunks as I do now.
I was shy with girls
because I had nothing
to show off. A few
weeks after starting
the Jowett Course my
body was the best in
the neighborhood. Now
I get respect and ad-
miration from every
fellow and girl I meet.

Roger D. Hirsch
NEW YORK

There's that
skinny scarecrow
ROGER. Let's
pass him by!



ROGER HIRSCH
was a 112 lb. 6 ft. WEAKLING.
Look at him NOW—
A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN
from Head to Toe

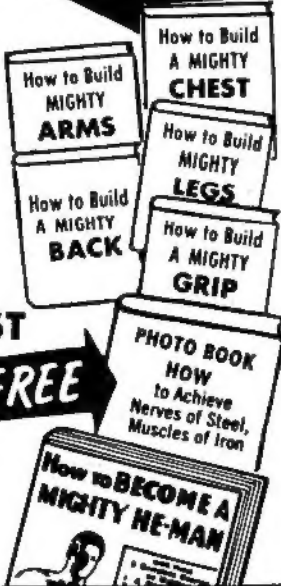
as **YOU**
can be
soon!



Roger
Hirsch
before

NO! friend you
don't have to be
SKINNY any more
just mail **NOW**
the **FREE**
coupon below
as I did. Soon
YOU can add

6 1/2 inches to your **CHEST**
3 inches to each **ARM**
and the rest
in proportion
just as I did.



GEORGE F. JOWETT
"Champion of
Champions"
4 times Winner
Perfect
Man Contest

Come on, **PAL**, NOW
YOU GIVE ME
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A
DAY IN YOUR HOME... AND I'LL GIVE
YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY
For Your OLD SKELETON FRAME.

says *George F. Jowett* World's Greatest
Builder of HE-MEN

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're
a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're
short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is JUST
10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to MAKE YOU OVER
by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck
to a Champion of Champions.

YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to
YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND
SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain SOLIDITY,
SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an ALL-Around, ALL-American
HE-MAN, A WINNER in everything you tackle—or my Training won't
cost you one solitary cent.

Develop **YOUR 520 MUSCLES**
Gain Pounds, **INCHES, FAST!**

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a LIFETIME STUDY of every way
known to develop your body. Then I devised the BEST by TEST, my
"5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5-ways
fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like
champ Roger Hirsch did. Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. SO Mail
coupon NOW!

BOTH FREE FOR QUICK ACTION!

1. Photo Book of STRONG MEN
2. MUSCLE METER

Dept. FH 33

Jowett Courses
greatest in
World for
Building
All-Around
HE-MEN
— R F Kelley
Physical
Director

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220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of
Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building
Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a
Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build
a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build a Mighty Legs—Now all in One
Volume "How to become a MIGHTY HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10c
FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s).

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

MAIL COUPON IN TIME FOR FREE OFFER!



"This photo proves I have gained unusual physical development through your methods."

—R. F., South Africa



"What a difference! Have put 3 1/2 inches on my chest (normal) and 2 1/2 inches expanded."

—F. S., New York



"I am sending you this snapshot showing my wonderful progress."

—W. G., New Jersey



"Gained 20 lbs. When I started your course I weighed 141. Now weigh 170."

—T. K., New York

I've turned thousands of fellows into **REAL HE-MEN** Let me prove I can do it for you!

All I Ask is 15 Minutes a Day
— "Dynamic Tension" Will Do The Rest

From Weakling to a
Real He-Man

You have changed me from a weakling to a real he-man. My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle from head to foot. Friends and doctors I have met have noticed a great change and some have even failed to recognize me!"

—J. W., Montana

Gains 40 lbs.

"Worth 100 times what I paid. You not only made me a man but you added at least 20 years to my life. I feel now as if I had been born again! My weight was 130 lbs. and I got myself to 170 through your wonderful course."

—J. N. H., British West Indies

Makes Track Team—
Called "Perfect Build"

"Am in the pink of condition and on the school Track Team. As I was getting into my gym suit the other day I heard a couple of men say, 'Look at that fellow. He has a perfect build.'"

—E. M., Conn.

Health 100% Better

Through Dynamic Tension
"The benefits are wonderful! The first week my arm increased one inch, my chest two inches, and my health is 100% better. Dynamic Tension is the best in the world."

—W. E., Ohio

I could fill page after page of this magazine with enthusiastic reports from men all over the entire world! But what you want to know is—
"What can Atlas do for ME?"

Just give me 15 minutes a day of your spare time—right in the privacy of your own home. That's all I ask. Even in that short time I'll start giving RESULTS. The kind of results that you can SEE, FEEL, and MEASURE with a tape! And there's no cost to you if I fail!

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system, INSIDE and OUTSIDE! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice new, beautiful suit of muscle! And you'll be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in condition — prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc.

What's My Secret?

"Dynamic Tension"! That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man physique!

Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you NO gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your Strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid MUSCLE.

My Illustrated Book is Yours—Not for \$1.00 or 10¢—But FREE!

Send NOW for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." It has 48 pages, and is packed from cover to cover with actual photographs and valuable advice. It shows what "Dynamic Tension" can do, answers many vital questions that may be puzzling you. Page by page it shows what I can do you YOU.

Yes, this book is a real prize for

any fellow who wants a better build. Yet it doesn't cost you a penny—I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Just glancing through it will open your eyes. In fact, it may be the turning point in your whole life! So don't put it off another minute. Send the coupon to me personally:

Charles Atlas, Dept. 2363, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



Charles
Atlas

Holder of title.
"The World's
Most Perfectly
Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 2363,
115 E. 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Send me—absolutely FREE—a copy of your famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength"—32 pages, crammed with actual photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice to every man who wants a better build. I understand this book is mine to keep, and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

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(Please print or write plainly)

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